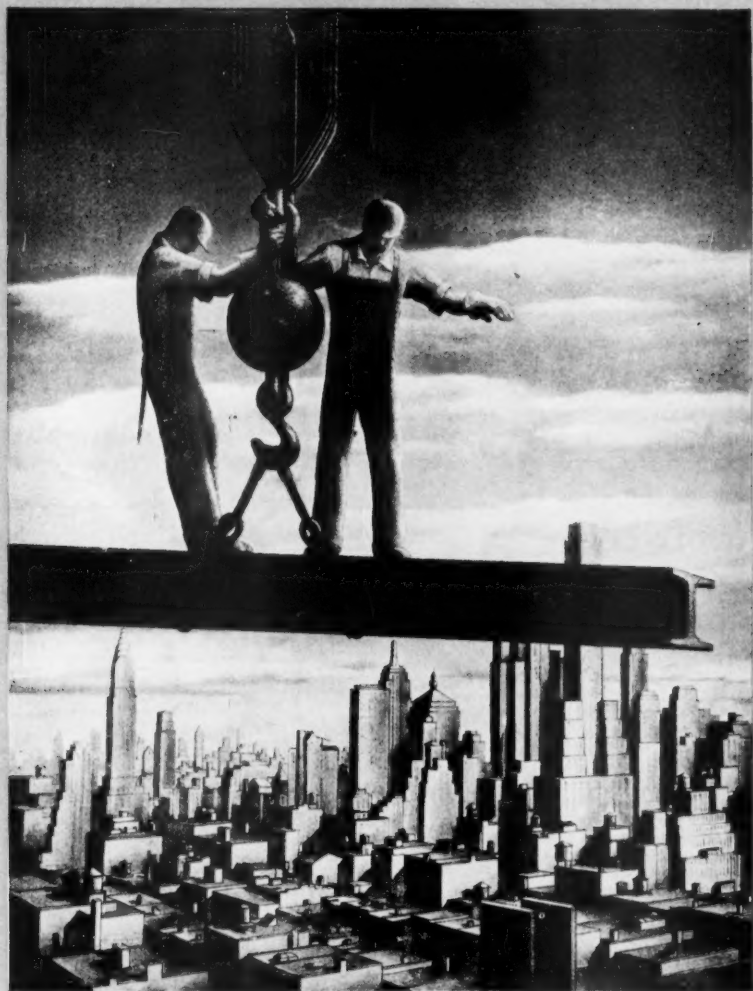


LITERARY *Cavalcade*

A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES



BUILDERS OF BABYLON

• An Etching by S. L. Margolies

LITERARY CAVALCADE, a Magazine for High School English Classes Published Monthly During the School Year. One of the SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES.

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OUR FRONT COVER



In this aquatint etching, S. L. Margolies has caught the feeling of soaring growth that is one of the characteristics of New York City, the modern Babylon on the Hudson. Riding high above the skeleton of a skyscraper, nudging a girder into place to await the white-hot

steel pins of the riveter, the steel worker is an eloquent symbol of the city's spirit. Noted for his striking designs and patterns, S. L. Margolies is one of the most respected artists of our day. In the manner of the great masters he is equally able in the media of etching, sculpture, and painting. His ability in the creation of aquatints has been recognized both in the United States and abroad. His mastery in the medium has enabled him to create works that are outstanding. Mr. Margolies studied at the National Academy of Design, New York City, and the Beaux Arts Institute. The present etching was made for Associated American Artists of New York City and is reproduced on our cover through their courtesy.



LITERARY Cavalcade

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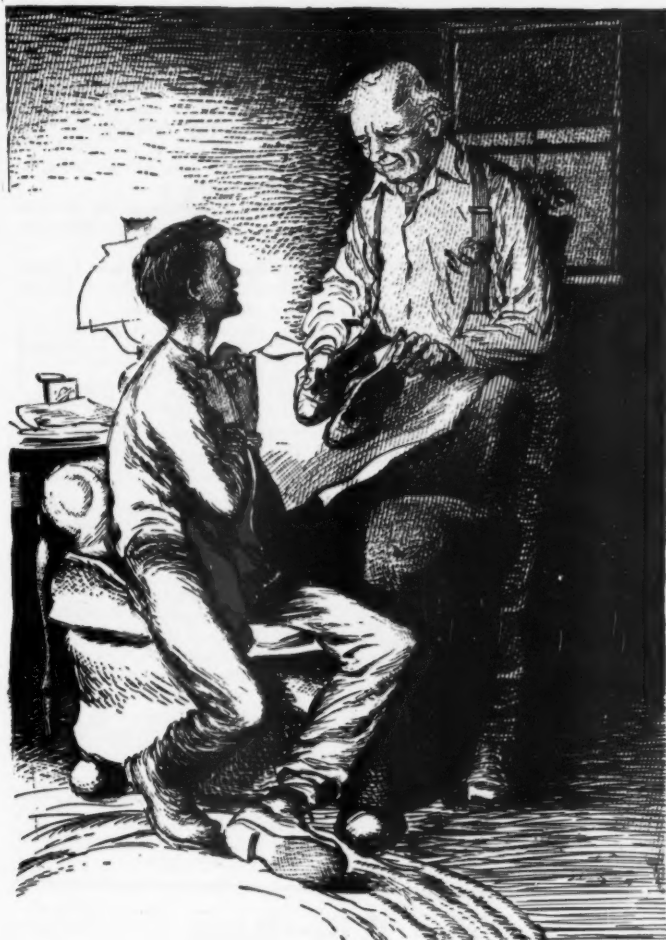


Illustration by Katherine Churchill Tracy

The Red Sweater

OLD Mr. Conway sent for me to come down to his house. He lived neighbor to us, and he was old, and I guessed it was just another of the ordinary chores my mother had been sending me to do for him ever since I had been big enough.

When I got there, the old gentleman wanted me to take his old shoes over town to Mr. Gentile's shoeshop and get them mended.

While I waited for him to pull off his shoes, the car drove up, and a man and a boy got out and asked for a drink of

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water. While I showed them the spring and where the tin cup hung, I noticed the boy's sweater. The boy looked about fourteen, which was my age, and the sweater was my size, and it was the most beautiful sweater I had ever seen. On the front was stitched in blue the figure of a great elk with high head and long horns.

While the boy was getting a drink, old Mr. Conway's two puppies started gnawing at his shoestrings. Then the boy turned and started playing with the puppies. After the boy got friendly like that with the puppies, I ventured to ask him where did he get his sweater and how much did one like that cost, and he

*The sweater was a beauty—
but the old man needed
those soft new shoes badly*

By MARK HAGER

said it cost three dollars, and told me the store over town and said they had a whole rack full of them.

As the boy and his father went back to the car, I heard the boy put at his father to buy him one of the puppies, but it seemed as if the father wasn't paying the boy any mind.

After they drove off, old Mr. Conway wrapped his old shoes in a newspaper. Then he dug in his pockets until he found a dollar and a quarter in change.

"Sorry, son," he said, "that I ain't got none extra for you to spend. The truth is, that is the last cent between me and the Judgment Day."

I knew that was so. I had asked my mother more than once why old Mr. Conway lived alone when he had children who could take him home with them.

Then she'd explain he did not want to go home with them. She said the old man loved his little house, and I would tell her I did not see anything about it to love. She would say that was because I was a boy yet, and could not understand the minds and hearts and feelings of old people. She said he could love the cracks in the windowpanes, and the saggy, mossy roof; that he could love the sigh of the wind in the weeping willow tree, and the laugh of the spring that giggled as it came from the red bank. "Why, to him," my mother would say, "the old place is drowsy with dreams and moldy with memories dear to his heart."

But all that made no sense to me. My fingers had ached when I had chopped his wood, and on this occasion my heart ached for a red sweater with the proud elk and the great horns.

As I took the old man's shoes under my arm and started down the road, he called from the door.

About the Author

When we asked Mark Hager to tell us about himself he said we made him feel important. "Only a few times have I felt important," he added. "At the age of six, I thought I shook the earth. I happened to be gouging in a crawfish hole with a broom handle when I heard and felt my first earthquake. I thought it was I shaking the earth. The next time was when I got the first telegram from *Collier's* accepting a story."

Mr. Hager grew up in the hills of West Virginia on a mountain farm. "I walked two miles to a one-room country school," he recalled, "but I liked it. I

got to swing on a big gate with a blue-eyed girl. Later, I married the girl, and we're still swinging along together with two sons and a daughter.

"I work on the railroad, and write only in spare time. From childhood I was impressed with the earth and its trees and rivers and mountains and its people, and I wanted to write about them. Six years ago, I started writing. Since then I have sold 108 stories to about thirty different magazines."

For recreation, Mr. Hager likes dogs and guns and fishing rods, and just being out alone among the hills.

"Tell him to fix 'em while you wait," he called. "Tell him I'll have to sit by the fire in my sock feet till you get back."

As I went down the road, I kept thinking of the red sweater, and when I got home, I slipped into the kitchen and felt in the money cup on top of the cabinet. I always remembered to feel in the cup first, because we kids could tell it hurt our mother to ask her for money when she did not have it.

But this time I felt bills in the cup and ran to my mother. I told her about the boy with the red sweater and the proud elk with the great horns stitched in blue, and after a little while I had wheedled the three dollars out of her.

When I got to town, I went first to the big store the boy had told me about, and searched along the rack of sweaters until I came to a red one with the elk on it, and I bought it. Outside, I put it on. I did not run now. I walked slow and kind of proud, like the elk on my sweater.

Inside Mr. Gentile's shoeshop, I laid the old shoes on the counter. He unrolled them from the paper. He examined the old shoes. Then he looked at me and shook his head.

"Can't be fixed no more," he said. "Nothing left to sew the soles to."

He pushed them back. I took the old shoes under my arm and walked out.

For a little while I stood on the street corner with the old shoes under my arm. I could see the old man waiting in his sock feet in the little house in the bend of the creek. I glanced down at the old shoes that bore the shape of the old man's feet, and I wondered if these old shoes hadn't been even closer to him than his best friends on earth.

I began to walk slow around the block. In front of the big store, I stopped again. I felt of the one dollar and a quarter in my pocket. Then I pulled off my red sweater and went inside the store again.

"I decided I don't want no sweater," I told the man who had sold it to me.

"I was just wondering do you have a pair of shoes, about the size of these old shoes, that you would trade me for the sweater and this dollar and a quarter." I even explained to the man who I wanted the shoes for and how his old shoes could not be fixed any more.

"Why, I know that old gentleman," the man said. "He's been in here several times. He always feels of a pair of soft shoes. I still have them."

He went back and pulled down a shoe box. I saw \$4.50 on the end of the box.

"I just got this sweater and this dollar and a quarter," I said.

The man did not answer me. He just reached up and jerked down a pair of heavy, long, yarn socks, stuck one in each shoe, and wrapped the new shoes in the old newspaper.

I went out of the store, leaving my red sweater and the proud elk with the great horns lying on the counter, but I had a curious feeling inside me.

When I got back in sight of the old man's little house. I slowed down and considered. I thought of curious things and sayings. I remembered my mother saying the sunshine always seemed brighter just after a dark storm cloud, and how she said dark hollows were good places to look at the stars from, and how happy you could get just after a streak of sorrow.

I thought I might make the old man happier by first making him a little more unhappy.

I recollect to this day how I found him waiting in his sock feet in his big old easy chair by the fire.

"Mr. Gentile couldn't fix your old shoes," I said. "He said there was nothing left to sew the soles to."

What puzzled me was that what I said did not dim a curious gay twinkle I saw in the old man's blue eyes.

"That's all right," he said, "just give 'em here. I can manage in 'em a little while longer."

He took the old newspaper and unrolled the new soft shoes. I recollect how he felt of the soft leather with his old hands, and then some water came down his cheeks, and he got up. He walked over to his bed and from under the pillow he got a red sweater with a proud, high-headed elk stitched on the front, and the elk had great horns.

"I saw you eyein' this sweater this mornin'," the old man said. "As the hunters came back, I hit that boy up for a trade. I traded him one of the puppies for his sweater."

I gave the old man's neck a long, hard hug, and then I broke for home with my sweater on to show my mother the elk with the great horns.

The Wise King

A Parable by Kahlil Gibran

ONCE THERE ruled in the distant city of Wirani a king who was both mighty and wise. And he was feared for his might and loved for his wisdom.

Now, in the heart of that city was a well, whose water was cool and crystalline, from which all of the inhabitants drank, even the king and his courtiers; for there was no other well.

One night when all were asleep, a witch entered the city, and poured seven drops of strange liquid into the well, and said, "From this hour he who drinks this water shall become mad."

Next morning all the inhabitants, save

the king and his lord chamberlain, drank from the well and became mad, even as the witch had foretold.

And during that day the people in the narrow streets and in the market places did naught but whisper to one another, "The king is mad. Our king and his lord chamberlain have lost their reason. Surely we cannot be ruled by a mad king. We must dethrone him."

That evening the king ordered a golden goblet to be filled from the well. And when it was brought to him he drank deeply, and gave it to his lord chamberlain to drink.

And there was great rejoicing in that distant city of Wirani, because its king and its lord chamberlain had regained their reason.

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A burlesque of Elizabethan England in which
some notables of the day don foolscaps

Is Shakespeare in the House?

IT WAS SAID that the Theater was in a bad way. First there was the fickle favor of the noble patrons—you could never be certain they would not lose interest and withdraw their patronage and purse strings at the critical moment. There were the Puritans—they were always fidgeting to close the players down. Rival attractions: bear baiting, cock fighting, fairs, executions, and harvesting all combined to cut down attendances. There were strolling minstrels and madrigal meetings. There was a shortage of players and an abundance of playwrights. And even when all these things had been combated and a successful season begun, the plague might break out any time and close them down.

It needed courage to be a theater owner. It needed enterprise and an optimistic heart. But most of all it needed private resources.

That is why the two fashionable theaters in London were owned by men of means. Philip Henslowe lent money. That is how he could afford to install his son-in-law at the Curtein.

Richarge Burbage owned taverns and promoted bear baiting. He could afford to indulge his son, Dick, at the Theater—but only just. It was understood that the Theater must pay its way or at least not lose too much.

Henslowe had money and friends at Court. But Burbage had a wizard playwright. Henslowe had craft, but Burbage had good sense.

Henslowe at the Curtein was pouring magnificence upon magnificence, burning five hundred candles on one night without a thought. At the Theater Burbage concentrated on new plays for old rather than turning old plays into new.

And when the players of the rival companies met they fell a-brawling.

Reprinted by permission from *No Bed for Bacon*, by Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon, published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. Copyright by Doris Abrahams.

Inside the Theater all was tumult. The stage was alive with actors, all talking, all waving their arms, and all of them looking appealingly at a large man sitting at a table in the shadow. From a distance the boy players apprenticed to the company gazed at the quarrel in awe. To think that this was art!

The large man got up and strode to the center of the stage.

"Enough of this," he thundered. "Back to the book, gentlemen."

It would be an exaggeration to say that the effect was instantaneous. But bit by bit the group dispersed. Two men rose from a box they had been sitting on and dragged it to the center of the stage. It was marked:

A Street in Verona

An actor, wearing the voluminous pillows of a nurse, puffed out his cheeks and practiced a rheumatic hobble. The prompter, who had been helping an understudy with his words, turned back the pages of his script.

By Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon



Drawing by Al Plane

bage silenced them by knocking their heads together. But he could not silence the aesthetic young man.

"See," said Master Melody triumphantly. "Now is it fair to my public to ask me to speak a line like that?"

"Not ask," said Burbage shortly. "Require."

"Mumbling mongrels," said Master Melody with disdain. "I demand that the line be altered."

The company nudged one another.

"Not demand," said Burbage, "Ask."

The company tittered.

"At the Blackfriars," said Master Melody, "we always kept a hack at hand to alter any lines the actors could not speak."

"Indeed," said Richard Burbage coldly. He looked round the company.

"Is Will Shakespeare in the house?" he asked.

In a cold dark little room over against the back of the Theater, Sir Francis Bacon was talking eloquently. Opposite him a melancholy figure sat tracing its signature on a pad.

Shakespeare
Shakspeare
Shakspar

He always practiced tracing his signature when he was bored. He was always hoping that one of these days he would come to a firm decision upon which of them he liked the best. He looked at them. He considered. He shook his head.

"Master Will," said Bacon abruptly, "I don't believe you're listening."

Caught out, Shakespeare laid aside his pad.

Bacon looked at him. "And now to business," he said coldly. "I am here, Master Will, upon a delicate errand. Gloriana [Queen Elizabeth] wants to see a play."

Shakespeare leaped to his feet. He knocked over his chair. He beamed. He shook Bacon by the hand.

"Which one?"

"Er," said Bacon.

"I know," flashed Shakespeare. "It is *Romeo and Juliet*. We will play her the balcony scene as it has never yet been seen."

"No," said Bacon.

"The *Dream*," said Shakespeare. With real nightingales," he added ambitiously.

Bacon shook his head.

"The *Shrew*?" *Much Ado*? *Two Gentlemen*?"

Bacon waved them away.

Shakespeare pondered. An awful thought struck him.

"Don't tell me," he pleaded, "that she's asked for *Timon of Athens*?"

"No, no," said Bacon soothingly. "She did not ask for that. As a matter of fact she did not ask for any of your plays. She did not even," he added, enjoying his moment, "specify the author."

"Oh," said Shakespeare, dimmed.

"So," observed Bacon with irritating charm, "I thought I might trickle it your way." He made a descriptive gesture.

The curtains parted. A little old man came diffidently into the room. He had the rather lost air of a clown out of his part.

"Master Will," he asked, "are you very busy?"

"He is," said Bacon coldly.

But Shakespeare smiled. "What is it, Obadiah?"

The little man studied his toe. "Just a thing I have been thinking about," he said.

Bacon stirred restlessly.

"I could be very funny in it," said the little man wistfully.

"Aha," said Shakespeare. He leaned back. "Proceed," he invited.

The little man broke into a babble. A mosaic of words, gestures, and mimicry filled the room. Soon the little man was all over it. Bacon looked at him in some disgust. It didn't even make sense. But Shakespeare was listening with that intentness that a wise playwright will never grudge his clown. From time to time he nodded. He did not need adjectives and verbs to translate the thought in a player's mind. He did not need rhetoric and couplets to tell him that his clown was offering him not only an interpretation but a creation. He had not yet made friends with this creation, but already he was making room in his mind to receive it. Yet like every author faced with the prospect of more work, his first comment was an objection.

"A gravedigger," he said. "How can I be funny about a gravedigger?"

"I will show you," said Obadiah Croke eagerly. He mouthed a bit more. "Master Will," he pleaded, "only give me a graveyard and together we will work out the business to crack the sides of the groundlings."

"A graveyard," said Shakespeare reflectively. He stroked his beard.

"A graveyard," said Bacon, hoping to cut the argument short, "is not comical."

But Shakespeare rounded on him. This opposition had provided just the stimulation he needed.

"But it is hugely funny," he said. "A graveyard. Think of it." He roared with laughter.

Obadiah Croke thought of it. He roared with laughter.

Bacon thought of it. He looked at the boisterous children before him. He marveled.

"A graveyard," repeated Shakespeare, wiping his eyes.

"With a gravedigger," said Obadiah with relish.

"Two gravediggers," said Shakespeare, overcome at the thought.

They looked at the marveling Bacon. They roared again.

Obadiah sobered first.

"That's a fine idea, Master Will," he said. "I could use a second gravedigger for a feed. A smaller part, of course."

"Of course," said Shakespeare. He pulled up a chair. "Sit down, my good Obadiah," he invited. "I'll tell you how I see it."

Obadiah sat down. Soon they were immersed in props and business.

Behind them Bacon paced restlessly up and down.

"But," said Shakespeare some twenty minutes later, "how do I get him off?"

Player and author looked at one another in dismay.

Bacon seized his opportunity. He took Obadiah Croke firmly by the shoulders and trundled him out of the room.

"Like this," he said.

He came back. He sat down. He crossed his legs.

But Shakespeare had jumped to his feet and run to the doorway.

"Obadiah," he shouted. "I've got it! We won't take you off at all. We'll let you meet the hero. With a skeleton," he promised.

A confused babble came down the passage.

Rubbing his hands, Shakespeare returned to his desk.

"He likes it," he told Bacon happily.

Bacon spread his hands to heaven. These players!

"And now," said Shakespeare cosily, "what is it we were talking about, my friend?"

"And now," Philip Henslowe was saying, "what were we talking about?"

He was sitting in a dark, cold green room over against the back of his theater, the Curteyn, and he was trying to keep his temper with his son-in-law.

"My Faustus," Edward Alleyn was saying, "I was telling you how the audience ate it up."

Henslowe sighed.

"Four recalls," gloated Alleyn. "And a laurel wreath."



"You've got it with you," said his father-in-law wearily.

Edward Alleyn picked it up and stroked it. "Even Marlowe," he said, "was forced to admit that he had seen worse performances."

"Tcha," said Henslowe with contempt. "An author."

"It is a mistake to underrate your authors," said Alleyn. "A good author with a ready line and the wit to select that which is popular in someone else's work and mold it to my personality—why, he's almost worth the money you pay him."

"Listen," said Henslowe.

"For instance," said Alleyn, "take that author the Burbages have got. What's his name now?"

"Shakespeare," said Henslowe grimly.

"Exactly. Now just look what he's done for the Burbages. Before they got him we never even used to notice what they were putting on at the Theater. But now," said Edward Alleyn with candor, "I get quite worried about it."

"So do I," said Henslowe. He glared. "That is precisely what I have been trying to tell you for the past half hour."

"Not so much worried," amended Alleyn, who had not been listening, "as wondering. How does he keep it up? Why, every time he writes a play Dick Burbage draws a full house with it."

"What we want," said Henslowe, "is another Shakespeare." He had pulled open the drawer of his desk and was studying his account book.

"It's no use," he said. "If we are to survive ourselves there is only one thing for it. We'll have to have the Theater closed. We'll have to get the Master of the Revels to close the Theater."

Edward Alleyn considered the point. "Have a care," he warned, "that he does not close us as well."

"No danger," said Henslowe confidently. "The Master of the Revels and I are like this." He put his fingers together.

"Then that's all right," said Alleyn, losing interest. "Now tell me," he asked, "do you think I ought to take my recalls like this?" He held the laurel wreath on high and bowed to his father-in-law. "Or like this?" He popped it round his neck like a halter.

"Like this," said the exasperated Henslowe, and pushed him out.

Back at the Theater, Shakespeare and Bacon were talking figures.

"A shipwreck," said Shakespeare, tapping the list in front of him. "An impersonation, three songs for a baritone, a sorting out, and a happy ending. That," he decided, "will be forty pounds."

"Too much," said Bacon promptly.

"Too much!" said Shakespeare. "Forty pounds too much for a new play by Will Shakespeare!"

Bacon remained unmoved. "Beaumont and Fletcher," he said, "would do it for a ten-pound note. What is more," he pointed out, "there are two of them."

"Ten pounds," said Shakespeare. "It is an affront! Why, my Lord of Southampton pays me more than that for a sonnet."

"No doubt," Bacon agreed. "But all the same, forty pounds is too costly for Gloriana."

Shakespeare got up.

"Master Bacon," he said, "you are reasoning like a child. For ten pounds Beaumont and Fletcher will give you any one of a dozen plays—each indistinguishable from the other. They have only to open a drawer—any drawer—and pick the first."

Bacon nodded. "But all the same," he said, "forty pounds."

"What is more," said Shakespeare generously, "I will throw you in, without extra charge, a comic lord. I have the perfect name for him." He beamed. "Sir Toby Belch."

"Good God," said Bacon.

"Mind you," said Shakespeare, "I was reserving him for my *Merry Wives*, but for Gloriana I will transfer him and make do with Falstaff."

"You killed him off last week," said Bacon. "Hal Five," he reminded him.

"So I did," said Shakespeare, crestfallen. "I remember—a babbled of green fields. But no matter," he brightened, "he shall come to life again." He sat down. "I think I see exactly how I am to do it." He picked up his quill. He was immersed.

Bacon took away the quill.

"Master Will," he said. "Back to your muttons, I beg. Let me remind you that I have not come here this day to act as audience to your gravediggers, nor to aid you in resurrecting slain characters for Master Burbage, nor to stand mute while your genius uses up your paper and my time."

"Mm," said Shakespeare. He sighted another quill and pounced on it.

The curtains parted. Prometheus Melody inserted his head carefully between the folds.

"Your servant, sir," he said, "and can you direct me to the hack's room?"

"You have arrived," said Shakespeare shortly.

"Indeed," said Master Melody. He advanced into the room. He dusted a chair. He sat down cautiously.

"And which of you two gentlemen," he asked, "is the author?"

Shakespeare looked at Bacon, but Bacon was looking at the aesthetic

Master Melody. Shakespeare smiled.

"I am the author," he said. "What is amiss?"

"This," said Master Melody. He got up, pulled out the part he had refused to read at rehearsal, folded it to the offending lines, and thrust it into the playwright's hands.

"Young man," he said, "read me these lines, if you can."

Shakespeare drew himself up.

"IF I CAN!"

A lesser man would have given ground. But not Prometheus Melody. He was not going to be cowed by a mere hack.

"If you can," he challenged.

Shakespeare looked at him. He glanced at the lines. He declaimed them.

"This mumbling mongrel," jeered Master Melody. "Who," he appealed to Bacon, "has ever heard a mongrel mumbling?"

"Who, indeed?" agreed Bacon courteously.

Shakespeare looked at them. His anger vanished. He smiled.

"Leave these lines with me," he said. "We will see what the hack can do with them."

He read them over to himself. He tasted the adjectives. Clearly they could be used in that shining play these people would never give him time to write, *Love's Labour Won*.

"I think," he said, "we might cut them out of *Romeo* altogether."

But Bacon and Melody had forgotten all about him. They were strolling out together and conversing amiably.

Shakespeare smiled again. He sat down. He spread a fresh sheet of parchment. He reached for his quill. He wrote:

LOVE'S LABOUR WON

A Play in Five Acts by William Shakespeare.

He crossed out *Shakespeare* and wrote *Shakspeare*.

The curtains parted. Richard Burbage came in.

"Will," he asked, "are you busy?"

Shakespeare sighed and pushed his precious foolscap into a drawer.

"No," he said, resigned. "Not at all. Only a new part for Master Melody, a new scene for Obadiah, and a new play for the Queen."

Burbage brushed these trifles aside.

"I've been thinking," he said. "I'd like to play a Dane—young, intellectual—I see him pale, vacillating, but above everything sad and prone to soliloquy."

The curtains parted. Bacon had come back. He pulled out a sheaf of papers from his pocket and laid them on the desk.

"By the way, Will," he said. "I almost forgot. When you've got a moment to spare, you might polish up this essay. . . ."



Cayetano threw away the red *muleta*. Using his handkerchief he ran at the bull and flung himself over the horn.

**It was Cayetano's last fight; but it wasn't
the bull he had to conquer—it was himself**

CAYETANO THE PERFECT

By BARNABY CONRAD

Illustrations by Charles Beck

About the Story

To the people of Spain and the Latin-American countries, bullfighting, as a public spectacle, holds the place that baseball, football, and boxing occupy with us. Many a boy in those countries dreams of someday becoming a *matador*. And there is no *aficionado*, bullfight fan, who cannot recite the fights of his favorite with the same ease that an American lad rattles off the standing of the clubs in the major leagues. A real understanding of these people is difficult without knowing something about their national sport.

The rules governing bullfighting and the movements of the *matador* are as rigid and classical as the rules of the ballet. Every movement of the *matador*, even to the turn of a wrist, is so stylized that his whole performance is a sort of dance. Action in the bullfight is not

permitted to drag. Under the rules, the *matador* must pass the bull with the *muleta*, the red flag hiding the sword, and make the kill within a specified time. The rules are rigid. He cannot kill the bull from the back or wound it in the legs without being penalized and suspended.

The *matador*, who makes the kill, heads a group of about ten *toreros*, bullfighters. These include the *picadors* and *banderilleros*. The *picadors* come first, after the bull has charged into the ring. Mounted on horses, they bait the bull with spears by pricking him in the neck. The *banderilleros* follow, on foot, with small darts on wooden sticks. Three pairs of *banderillas* are stuck into the bull's neck. Next comes the *matador*, who—but that is the story of Cayetano. . . .

for that scar, rough-hewed and big-jawed.

Because it was Sunday, there were none of the street cries or noise of the old taxis or clatter of the carriages over the cobblestones. That would begin before the fight. Cayetano looked at his watch. Twelve fifteen. The fight began at three thirty. Everyone in Sevilla was going to today's bullfight. Not because of him—Cayetano Ortega. No, at thirty-four Cayetano was through, finished, washed-up, *acabado*—as any small child in Spain could tell you.

The plaza would be jammed to the top because of four things. The first was the other *matador*, Luis Morales, called The Tiger from Malaga because of his brute courage. Secondly, the Domecq wineries were offering a twenty-thousand-peseta prize to the bullfighter who put up the best show during the six-day fair, and this being the last day the *toreros* would be trying their hardest. Thirdly, the bulls were four Pablo Romero's, the largest and most dangerous-looking animals that had been fought in Sevilla for a decade. Fourthly, the public thought that the other *matador* in today's *mano-a-mano*—the hand-to-hand duel—was El Estudiante, who always put up a competent, if not brilliant, performance. They didn't know that El Estudiante had twelve inches of horn go into his stomach in Logrono yesterday afternoon as he went over the horn to kill and might not live. Most of the public didn't know yet, but the bullfighting game is a tight group and word traveled amongst the pig-tailed folk like lightning.

Cayetano had been in Los Corales Cafe after dinner when he heard it—a quiet, smallish man sitting off at a table with her, Marija. On the wall above him was the mounted head of a bull he had killed ten years ago, with a silver plaque saying that he had been con-



CAYETANO ORTEGA woke up at twelve o'clock Sunday with a throb in his head and a sudden knot in his stomach from fear. "Yes," his brain said to him, "today is the day and there's no getting out of it and it's because of her and they'll be here soon to start getting you ready."

He flung back the covers and went quickly across the shabby hotel room to the window. He tugged the shade and let it bang up. The burst of sunlight blinded him for a moment. Then he made out the cobbled streets of Sevilla two stories below, and his incredibly green eyes found what he had to see—the flagpole over the *ayuntamiento* building. The red and yellow flag curled lifelessly around the pole.

"Thank God," he breathed. "Thank God there's no wind anyway."

He staggered back to the bed and fell across it. He lay there for a while, not thinking of anything, really, except: Today, today, today! Then he took a cigarette off the unpainted table and lighted it with shaking hands. He stuffed the pillow behind his head so that he could look out the window. It was a fine spring day and he could see the swallows wheeling around the Giralda tower and a drove of pigeons heading for the Maria Luisa park. What a fine day, he thought. What a fine day for everyone else. He unconsciously ran his forefinger up and down the long scar on the left side of his face. It would have been a good face except

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ceded the ears and tail of the animal after a "soul-stirring encounter."

He remembered the old days, ten years before, when he couldn't walk into Los Corales without having ten people swarm around him. It wasn't that the other *toreros* and the *aficionados* snubbed him now; they always spoke to him warmly. It was just that they were sitting with some of the big stars, and that no one happened to think to ask Cayetano Ortega—the man they'd once called Cayetano the Perfect—to sit with them.

He might not even have learned about El Estudiante, except that as he and Maruja started to leave he happened to hear Luis Morales saying to the group at his table in a loud voice, "Well, I could kill all four and I don't think there'd exactly be any complaints from the crowd, but why, I say? Why, when I've got the prize already, why should I strain myself to kill his bulls?" Morales was a big man—heavy for a bullfighter—with a black shock of hair, handsome in a greasy way. He was on top now, the place where Cayetano had been ten years ago. Cayetano had the idea that he was talking loud for Maruja's benefit.

Cayetano turned back and guided Maruja up to Morales' table. "Buenas noches, señores," he said quietly.

"Muy buenas, Cayetano," said Arruza and the old *banderillero* Pinturas. "And Senorita Flores."

Morales didn't say anything; he had a mouthful of *paella* and he was occupied in looking at Maruja. It was surprising that he should have been interested in her at all, for she was hardly the type of girl for a successful bullfighter. She was little and dark with her hair pulled back in a bun, no lipstick, but with black honest eyes that gave her plain face a certain unexpected prettiness and at the same time a little sadness. But Morales was interested.

"Excuse me for interrupting," said Cayetano to Arruza, "but did I hear you say that El Estudiante isn't fighting tomorrow?"

"He got it in Logrono yesterday," said Pinturas.

Cayetano shook his head. "Bad luck. Who's—who's fighting the *mano-a-mano* tomorrow then?"

"That's what Manolo Delgado would like to know," laughed Arruza, who was a new young star. "He's got every ticket in the plaza sold and no second fighter. He's running around town crazy as a goat. He wants me, but I've got this wrist." He held up his hand with a dirty bandage on it.

"He wanted me to take the whole *corrida*," said Morales, wiping his

mouth with the back of his fingers and looking at Maruja. "Offered me seventy-five thousand more pesetas—but I say, why? I've got the prize cinched anyway, why kill myself for seventy-five thousand measly pesetas?" He pulled up a chair; Maruja hesitated and then sat down next to him.

Cayetano's heart had already started to pound, but he asked casually, "Is —is Manolo anywhere around? I think I know somebody he might get."

They looked at him curiously. "Why, yes," said Pinturas. "He said he'd be over at the Fronton."

"This somebody wouldn't happen to be you," asked Morales with a wry smile, "would it, matador? Don't tell me Cayetano the Perfect is out for the prize at this late date."

"No," said Cayetano, as he felt himself color.

AND then for a second he glanced over at Maruja, but it was long enough to see that look, so that he suddenly felt as though he'd been struck hard in the face. It wasn't a sneer and it wasn't contemptuous; Maruja wasn't that type of person. It was worse. It was more the look one might get on one's face while helplessly watching several dogs maul a lone dog that could lick the pack of them if it only had the nerve to stand and fight. Cayetano had been dreading this look for months, knowing that it was welling up inside her and stifling her love for him. It wasn't that she wanted him to be a great bullfighter again; she just wanted him to be a man again.

"Maruja—I—are you coming?" he said, not looking at her.

About the Author

Barnaby Conrad has spent the 27 years of his life in perpetual motion. He was born in San Francisco and went to schools in California, Mexico, and to the University of North Carolina before being graduated from Yale with first honors in 1943. He had also studied art and he started life as an artist, painting what he calls "crummy murals in night clubs," before he advanced into bullfighting. This came when he took a jump into a bull ring in Mexico City, and using his overcoat as a cape, somehow came out alive. The pros took an interest in him and Conrad started training as a matador. This ended when a bull smashed his knee.

Discharged later from our Navy because of that knee, Conrad went into the consular service, serving in Seville, Spain. "I got out when I realized I was no diplomat," he says.

His leg having healed, meanwhile,

"No," said Maruja. "No, I'll wait for you here."

Cayetano took his sombrero off the hat tree and after murmuring, "*Hasta luego*," he went out into the warm Sevilla night.

He heard Morales laugh behind him, and he thought he might have heard Maruja's silver tinkle. He felt his neck and cheeks burn. His hand went to his face and his finger traced the scar. He walked down the narrow street toward the Fronton.

Then he wheeled abruptly and started walking away from it. He laughed a bit at himself. Manolo'd never bill me in a million years, he said to himself. Why even talk to him about it? Certainly he wouldn't bill me for eighty thousand. Maybe he'd offer me ten or fifteen thousand if he couldn't get anybody else on this short notice. Risk my life for fifteen thousand? Eighty thousand was worth risking your life for; it meant that it could buy you into some decent business, get you out of this rotten game. But he knew the money was secondary now. He wanted to fight and fight well, for her—he *had* to fight for her and what was left of his self-respect! But how to get Manolo to give him the fight?

Cayetano came to a little outside stand where they sold wine. He ordered a manzanilla, threw it down and then had another. It was in the midst of his second when he suddenly realized how he could get the fight tomorrow, and his hand began to shake as he thought of it.

He paid for the drinks and strode down Sierras Street quickly before his courage could leave him. He came to

Sidney Franklin, the bullfighter from Brooklyn, and Don Juan Belmonte, the dean of bullfighters, took Conrad in hand and really taught him the so-called sport. "I fought over 30 times," Conrad reports. "Most of these times with Belmonte. The biggest moment of my life came when I fought with Belmonte near Seville and was conceded the ears of my dead bull. In my photographs taken before the fight the pants hid my trembling knees, my wan smile hid my chattering teeth. My *nom de Taureau* was Nino de California—or the Californian Kid."

After the bad knee was smashed again, Conrad retired. Since then he's taught school, painted, written a novel, *The Innocent Villa*, and a number of short stories. He is working on his second novel, and going around the world with his wife, each of them doing a column for rival San Francisco papers.

the door of the Fronton, hesitated, then went in. The Fronton was a *jai-alai* palace, smoky and dark except for the bright lights focused on the court. There was a game going on between two girl teams, and their cries mingled with the apathetic shouts of the audience.

Cayetano went "upstairs and made out the big shape of the promoter in the first-row balcony. He was talking to a man next to him and he turned when Cayetano put a hand on his shoulder.

"Oh," said Manolo, with a not unfriendly grunt. "It's been a century. How goes it, matador?"

"*Muy bien*," said Cayetano. "Fine." He could make out Delgado's fat face now and the two big teeth in front that almost crossed over each other.

"I heard you had a bad *cornada* [goring] two years ago?" said Manolo.

"No," said Cayetano. "It wasn't bad." Not so bad! It merely ripped out of him whatever small bit of nerve and will to fight that was left in him. It was that cursed wind in Valencia. Everything was going fine—it looked as though Cayetano was finally making his comeback—and then a sudden gust of wind had blown the cape across his legs in the middle of a pass, the bull had swerved after it, and, well—the hospital for six months. He had three bad horn wounds in his life, each because the wind had blown the capes.

"Got a lot of contracts this season, Cayetano?" asked Delgado mechanically. It was just a polite question; Delgado must have known that Cayetano had had only one real fight all year in his home town of Cordoba—and that he had flopped miserably. There was a wind that day and he had fought three feet from the bulls and pale with terror.

Cayetano said suddenly, "I've got to fight tomorrow, Manolo."

Delgado shook his head. "Sorry *chico*." The polite manner was gone and he was all business. "I've got a call in to Cadiz now. I think I can get Luis Miguel for the same price that El Estudiante was coming for."

Cayetano swallowed. "I'll—I'll fight free."

"Are you crazy?" said Delgado frowning.

"I'll fight free!" repeated Cayetano. "There's one condition, though. If I win the twenty-thousand-peseta prize, you have to pay me what you would have paid El Estudiante."

Delgado chewed his cigar. "Have you seen the bulls?"

"No," said Cayetano. "But I know they're big."

Delgado stared at him solemnly.

Than he gave a loud laugh, and clapped Cayetano on the shoulder. "Chico, you're crazy but I'm too much of a businessman to pass this up." He grew serious again suddenly.

"But, Cayetano, you can't be better than Morales. Even if he has a bad day tomorrow, he still cut both ears day before yesterday and that counts for the prize."

Cayetano's heart sank. "Both ears?"

"Both ears. You'll have to cut ears and tail on one of your bulls. Better take fifteen thousand, *chico*. I'll make it twenty, but I can't go higher."

Cayetano hesitated. He put his hand up to the scar. He felt a little sick. Then he heard himself saying, "No, all or nothing, Manolo. I'll get the prize. I can win."

Manolo sighed again. "All right, *chico*. If that's the way you want it, all right."

AND now it was Sunday and Cayetano looked at his wrist watch and it was quarter of one already. He yearned for three-thirty to come and at the same time he prayed that it would never come. He blew out a cloud of smoke and wondered what was keeping Pinturas. He should have been back from the drawing fifteen minutes ago. He got up and went to the window. He saw that there was still no wind and pulled the shade down.

He was thinking of Maruja now. He hadn't gone back to the cafe last night after signing the contract with Delgado. He'd felt sure she wouldn't be there—that she would have gone out with Morales, and he didn't dare go back to find out.

Fifteen minutes later there was a knock on the door. Pinturas at last, Cayetano thought.

"*Adelante!*" he called, and the door opened. It was a little monkey-faced man with a beret—Suarez, the sword boy.

"*Buenos dias*, matador," he said.

Cayetano sat up in bed. "The *traje* is in the closet."

The little man went to the closet, took out the uniform and stripped off the white protective covers. "Ahhh," said the sword boy appreciatively as he turned the heavy gold-and-green suit around on the hanger. "They don't make them like this any more." It was blood-stained and tarnished, but the best Manfredi ever made. Suarez laid it out neatly on the chair with the frilled shirt and tie and stockings.

Pinturas came in without knocking ten minutes later.

"What did we draw?" Cayetano asked quickly.

"Well, we're in luck, matador!" Pinturas tried to work his old face into a reassuring smile. "Your first is a 'nun,' a real little nun, with a comfortable head, and the smallest of the lot."

"Which means I've got the biggest for my second," said Cayetano. His fingers worked the scar on his face. "How big is it?"

Pinturas' face went serious. "It's a cathedral, Cayetano. Open of horn and big as the Alcazar. But there's no wind, thank God."

Cayetano got out of bed casually and went to the bathroom. He didn't want them to see his hands trembling. He brushed his teeth. He tried to shave, but he was afraid of cutting himself, so he stopped and took a long bath first. He did better afterward on the shaving. When he came out with a bath towel around him it was two-ten. The towel didn't quite hide the white scar that ran down his leg from his hip.

"We'd better start," said Suarez. He had had some coffee brought up. Pinturas had gone to get dressed.

"Yes," said Cayetano. "We'd better." He gulped some coffee after he put on his underwear. A matador doesn't eat the day of a fight so that he can be operated upon immediately if he gets gored.

It was two-forty-five by the time Cayetano got the three pairs of silk stockings on and the sash and knee string tied exactly right and the artificial pigtail clipped on tight to his hair that was combed back wet and even blacker than usual. He had just been helped into the ornate vest and heavy jacket when there was a light knock on the door.

"*Adelante!*" Cayetano called. It was Maruja.

"*Hola!*" she said softly. She stood in the doorway for a moment. Then she came in a little awkwardly.

Cayetano turned to Suarez, and jerked his head, and the little man slipped out into the hall. "What are you doing here?"

"They say you are fighting," she said. "I know it's an important fight. I—I thought you might want me here. I waited for you last night."

He took her hands in his. He cleared his throat. "You're good to have come. This is an important fight. It's the last fight. The most important of my life."

Suarez knocked and came in. "No time left, matador." He began to gather up the leather sword case and the canvas pannier with the capes.

Cayetano took the black kinky hat off the chair, held it in both hands by

the knobs, and dipped his head into it. Then he put the embroidered cape over his arm and turned back to Maruja. He was very pale and there were little beads of sweat on his upper lip.

They looked into each other's eyes for a long moment. Then she gave a little moan and started to put her arms around him, but he caught her wrists and stepped back.

"Don't touch the *traje*," he said. "It's bad luck. I'm going now. You stay here. I'll be back soon."

"No," she said, "I'm—I'm going to the ring. I must go!"

"You stay here," he commanded. He leaned forward and kissed her. "This is my last fight, *nena*, I swear it to you."

Pinturas had been right. Cayetano's first bull was a "nun"—a fine little brave bull that charged the cape as straight and true as though on rails with no tricks or hooking. There wasn't a breath of the dreaded wind, and for the first time in years Cayetano worked in close to the bull, letting the horn go by his legs a foot away instead of a yard, making his feet stay still and not dance out of the way as the bull hurled itself at the big scarlet cape.

The fear knot in his stomach began to loosen after the first few charges, and he began to unfurl the slow classic passes that years before had earned him the name of Cayetano the Perfect.

With the *muleta*—the small heart-shaped cape that is draped over the sword for the last third of the fight—Cayetano was even better, working closer and closer to the animal. When the time came to kill, he took the sword out of the *muleta*, sighted down the blade and flung himself over the bull's right horn to sink it in between the shoulders almost to the hilt. The animal charged three times more and then sagged down against the fence dead. The crowd was wild. The *presidente* up in the box took out his handkerchief and waved it once for an ear and again for the other ear. The clamor kept up until he waved it again for the tail.

Cayetano took his sword out of the dead bull, bowed his sweaty head to the *presidente* and walked across the sand to the red fence. He had Maruja and the seventy-five thousand on top of it! There was nothing to worry about.

Pinturas came running up to him with the ears and the tail.

"Now just play it wide and safe with your other one and everything will be fine," he panted.

Cayetano had almost forgotten his second one. The crowd was cheering him and wanting him to take a lap around the ring. He started around, holding up the ears and the tail to the



crowd, but there came the ominous roll of drums and the split trumpet notes that meant Morales' bull was coming down the dark passageway and out into the sun of the arena. Cayetano ducked through an opening in the fence and watched the bull skid into the ring. The bull was a little larger than Cayetano's had been. He watched the *banderillero* doubling it to find out which horn it hooked with. He won't do anything with this animal, Cayetano thought. He's lost the prize—why risk his neck?

But he was wrong, very wrong. Maybe it was because of Maruja. Maybe it was because Morales had too much pride to be beaten by a has-been; or maybe it was what they call "*amor propio*"—the "self-love" that every real matador has that refuses to let him be bettered in the ring by anyone. Whatever it was, Morales fought beyond himself, fought as he'd never done before and would never do again.

WHEN it came time to kill he threw away the *muleta* and borrowed a big, broad-brimmed cordobés hat from a spectator, focused the bull's attention on it, hurled himself forward and sank the sword in between the withers. It was a dangerous trick, diverting the bull's lunge with such a small object, but he got away with it. The bull only charged twice more before keeling over dead. That was partly the reason why the crowd went so wild and why the *presidente* had to wave his handkerchief once for an ear, again for another ear, again for the tail—and again for the hoof.

Cayetano hadn't even watched the fight. He'd been sitting on a stack of folded *muletas* in the passageway, feeling weak and nauseated. The applause and the screams of "*Ole!*" told him how things were going, but he knew he had

lost the prize. Well, let Morales have the filthy prize. Cayetano had done his best. He had saved his honor with Maruja. And yet inside of him there was still a bit of *amor propio* that kept saying to him: "Show them, show Maruja, show Morales, show them all! Make them never forget the last fight of Cayetano Ortega!"

The drum rolled across the ring and the trumpet blared, and the big door swung open. Cayetano got up slowly and took the big cape that Pinturas held out to him. The people up in the stands were still talking about Morales' fight, and passing wineskins and slices of salami around, but suddenly they gasped and hushed; into the ring, running low and hard and fast, had come the largest and most beautiful specimen of bull that most of them had ever seen. It was jet-black and had a low rump that grew and swelled up into the high hump of tossing muscle just in back of the branchlike horns. But despite the great bulk, it handled its small hoofs like a polo pony and covered the fifty yards across the ring just as fast.

Cayetano was behind the fence, the cape hugged to his chest, his face pale and the sweat streaming down his face. What a rotten business this was!

"All right," he called to Ruiz, the *banderillero* nearest him. "Double him for me. Let's see how he operates."

Ruiz, a flopped matador who had recently turned *banderillero*, was white and trembling visibly. "I don't go out," he said, unable to take his eyes off the bull. "I'm sorry, matador."

Cayetano cursed. He motioned to Pinturas, who was at the next *burladero*, opening. He started toward the bull slowly, the cape spread out in front of him like a sail. The bull picked up its head and showed interest as Pinturas got closer. When the man was twenty feet away, the bull dropped its head and charged.

Pinturas held his ground for a long second. Then he flung the cape from him and sprinted for the fence as fast as his old legs would take him. He beat the bull by three feet and dived over head first, spilling into the passageway ludicrously. Ordinarily the crowd would have laughed, but there was nothing funny with this bull.

The third *banderillero* looked over at Cayetano and made a half-hearted move to go out, but Cayetano waved him back with a cut of his hand.

He stepped out from behind the fence and ran toward the bull that was thirty feet away, ripping up the cape that Pinturas had abandoned.

"Toro! Toro!" he called, as he slipped down to his knees.

THE bull turned around at the voice. Cayetano flung the cape out in front of him and held it with one hand. "Toro ah-ah-hah-hah-hah-aaaaa!" The staccato chant made the bull drop its head. "Toro!" The animal's tail shot up and it hurled itself forward. When it was eight feet away, Cayetano swung the cape over his head, the animal veered to get the flash of cloth, and the left horn grazed by his shoulder so close that it ripped off the heavy epaulet; it dangled by golden threads until Cayetano jerked it off and flung it aside.

Then he got to his feet, and when the bull charged back, he gave the crowd a lesson in the classic *verónica* pass that they would never forget. The first he did ten inches away from the horn, the second eight inches away, the third three inches away. The *rebolera* that ended the series brought the bull by him so close that the side of the horn bumped his knees and nearly knocked him off balance.

During the *picadors*, Morales came out to make his *quite* [pass], but only because the crowd yelled and jeered and called, "Where's Morales?" He tried to do the butterfly pass, but he was afraid and his fear made him clumsy. He couldn't control the bull. On the second pass it hooked into Morales' leg and he was tossed high into the air. Instantly, Cayetano was there with a cape between the fallen man and the charging animal before it could find its target again and had skillfully led the animal away. Morales scrambled to his feet and started for the *barra*, but the blood was going down his torn leg into his stocking and he had to be helped over the fence and carried down the passageway to the ring infirmary.

Now Cayetano was out in the center of the ring showing them how a but-

terfly pass should be done, slowly, gracefully, the cape held behind his body as he walked backward calmly and let the bull charge from side to side. It wasn't Maruja or the eighty thousand pesetas or Morales that was making him fight like this now. It was the sun and the good feel of the cape in his hands and this brave bull.

And then right in the middle of the butterfly he felt it. He felt the chilling breath on his neck first, and at the same time out of the corner of his eye he saw the slight fluttering of the flags around the ring. Suddenly he flung down the cape in terror, ran to the fence, and vaulted over. The amazed crowd sat dumfounded for a moment. Then they began to laugh and hoot and whistle and call out derisively, "Ole, Cayetano, the Perfect!"

He was supposed to make another *quite* but he refused to go out, and Pinturas had to take the bull away from the horse. But Cayetano couldn't escape going out with the bull for the last round. The light wind was still blowing, and he was white as he drew the sword out of the sheath that Suarez held out to him. As he walked toward the bull with the red *muleta* draped over the sword to make as big a target as possible, the wind was barely moving the cloth. Yet when the bull charged, Cayetano danced back three feet of the way instead of holding his ground.

The crowd began to stamp its feet and hoot again and a cushion sailed into the ring near him. Two more bad passes, and the boos were almost as loud as the cheers had been. On the third pass, as Cayetano stepped back out of the way of the bull, his foot slipped on the cushion and he fell back hard onto the sand. He saw the bull wheeling at the end of its charge and coming back for him. He saw every detail of the drooping nose, the wild eyes, the saber horns and the gaily papered *banderillas* that dangled from the bloody shoulders. He tried to fight off the great head, kicking futilely at it with his slippered feet. Then there was a searing stab in his shoulder as the horn spiked through it.

He was lifted off the ground, tossed high into the air like a rag doll, and slammed to the sand ten feet away. He raised himself weakly on one elbow and helplessly watched the bull pawing and measuring for the next charge. This time it was charging for the kill. It couldn't miss, and Cayetano knew it, and there was nothing he could do about it. The sword and *muleta* were two yards out of his reach.

The bull's tail went up, its head went down, but as it started its lunge for-

ward Cayetano saw an incredible thing happen. A gust of wind—his enemy the wind—suddenly flipped over the red *muleta*. The bull in its blind rage seemed to think it was being attacked from another quarter and it swerved away from Cayetano to hook at the *muleta*. By the time it had realized its mistake Pinturas was already out there flashing a big cape in its face, bewildering it and luring it into the center of the ring.

Cayetano staggered to his feet. One sleeve was off and he could feel the warm blood pumping down his arm from his shoulder. The wound was nothing, he thought. A couple of days in the hospital. But thank God for the wind, or he would be a dead man now. Today was a lucky day—even the wind had become his friend today.

"Get out!" he was yelling to his men. "Get out of the ring!" He lurched to the *muleta* and the sword on the ground.

"Come to the infirmary, man!" said Pinturas, from the fence.

"Get out!" He picked up the sword and brandished it at them before adjusting it in the *muleta*. When the ring was cleared he staggered toward the bull. He stood twenty feet from it, swaying a little, and muttering to himself. "If they want tricks," he was saying. "I'll give them tricks!" He shook the cloth. As the bull charged he dropped to his knees and spun in against the bull's shoulder. He did this for six more charges, working closer and closer until the gold of his uniform was completely smeared with the blood from the animal's shoulders.

THEN he stood up and threw the big *muleta* to one side. Ten feet away from the bull he fished into the pocket in the jacket of the uniform and drew out a handkerchief. Using the handkerchief, and only the handkerchief, to keep the bull's attention away from his body, he ran straight at the animal, flung himself over the horn, and sank the sword out of sight into the charging animal. It hurtled by the man, skidded to its knees at the end of the charge and rolled over dead.

Cayetano took out the sword and stood there over the bull, weaving and panting and clutching his shoulder. He raised his head and looked at the delirious crowd and Maruja. As he strode out toward the fence, people were spilling into the ring to carry him on their shoulders. He saw the *presidente* waving his handkerchief for the ears, the tail, a hoof, and still another hoof, and the wind felt good on his sweaty face.

John Hersey: Journalist into Novelist

By NORMAN COUSINS



JOHN HERSEY

A visitor to Hiroshima these days is asked many questions about America. But there's one question that's close to the top of the list. It doesn't matter whether you're talking to the Mayor or the local "Bar-Bar," as one of the local haircutters advertises himself—the leading question is about a person. Not about the President or the Secretary of State or famous generals or even famous movie stars. The person they want to know about is John Hersey.

The first night I arrived in Hiroshima, I had dinner with the Mayor and about a dozen community leaders. The conversation was only a few minutes old when the name of John Hersey came up. Did I happen to know the man who had done so much for the city? Was there any chance that he might revisit Hiroshima, so that the people might tell him directly how highly they regard him as an author and as a person? How was he? Did he have a family? What was his reputation in America?

I told him such facts about John Hersey as I happened to know—that his parents were missionaries and that he was born in China; that he came to America as a young man and went to school and college here, graduating from Yale about twelve or thirteen years ago; that he became a secretary and assistant to one of the most important of American writers, Sinclair Lewis; that he became affiliated with *Time* and *Life* magazines, for which he was a war correspondent on both fronts; that prior to *Hiroshima* he had written an account of war in the Pacific, *Into the Valley*, and a novel about the American army coming into Italy, the now-famous *A Bell for Adano*.

I told them that I was proud to know Mr. Hersey, that few authors in America enjoyed greater esteem among the American people and, indeed, among

their fellow-writers. I told them that the same qualities the people of Hiroshima had admired in Hersey's book about their city—compassion without sticky sentimentality, an almost monumental integrity, an eloquent simplicity, a basic respect for his craft—were the qualities that had brought him to the fore among American writers while still a young man of 35. I told them that he was happily married, lived in Connecticut with his attractive wife and three small children (was wrong about this; there are four), that he was active in the life of his community, especially with respect to schools, and he was far removed from the cocktail-party world of plush, glamour, and tinsel which is associated with successful authors in the moving pictures that come from America.

At this point, Dr. Fujii, who had been sitting at the far end of the table, spoke up. I was especially interested in what he had to say because he was one of the central characters in Hersey's *Hiroshima*.

"I am glad to hear this," Dr. Fujii said. "You know, when he was here speaking to me, and when I looked at him, I said to myself, 'This young man is the type of American the great Lincoln must have been. He even looks like the pictures of Lincoln I have seen in the history books. He is slender and tall—one of the tallest men I have ever seen anywhere. And he is so understanding and sympathetic.'"

The next day I visited Dr. Fujii at his rebuilt hospital to find out more about his recollections of John Hersey. Business was slow at the moment and Dr. Fujii was listening to a play-by-play broadcast of a Japanese big-league baseball game. (Baseball broadcasts excite even more interest in Japan than they do in the United States. In the large cities, public loudspeakers on the streets enable the populace to go about their business or to walk from one section to another without losing any of the continuity.) Because of the use of American terms, it was possible for me, with a little translation by Dr. Fujii, to follow the game, then in its late innings.

"Mr. Hersey, he is a remarkable man," said Dr. Fujii, after the game had ended. "Everything in his book was just as he

said it was. It was remarkable to see how accurate and careful he was with the facts. When he came to visit me, I didn't know he was a journalist. You see, many Americans had come in to interview me in the ten months since the bombing—some of them doctors, others were investigators for the American or Japanese government, and I thought Mr. Hersey was one of them. He had sent in his calling card. It had some Chinese characters on it and some American writing. I have kept the card. If you would like to see it, I have it here in my wallet. It's become one of my prized possessions."

Dr. Fujii carefully handed me the calling card. It was easy to see that it had been exhibited in this fashion many times, for it showed signs of wear despite the obvious care given it by Dr. Fujii. In addition to the Chinese characters and Hersey's name, the card listed *The New Yorker* and *Life* magazines, for which Hersey was correspondent, and his New York City address which was his home at the time.

"I did not know at the time," said Dr. Fujii, "that these were the names of magazines and that Mr. Hersey was a famous correspondent, so I gave him brief answers. When you see him and give him my best wishes, please remember to apologize for my brevity. It was very interesting to see that he remembered every word of our three-hour conversation."

Two days later, I visited one of the other central characters in *Hiroshima*—Mrs. Nakamura, the dressmaker. She still lived in the one-room shack in which John Hersey had interviewed her. Slits and holes in the sodden walls were stuffed with paper and cardboard, and everywhere there were signs of severe poverty. But there was nothing depressing about Mrs. Nakamura. Her manner was cheerful and she was full of optimism for the months ahead. After the initial exchange of pleasantries, she said:

"And do you know Mr. Hersey? I so enjoyed meeting him. Every time I think of him, I have to smile, because he is so big and this room is so small. He sat on the floor as you are doing now, with his

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feet propped up in front of him, and it seemed as though his legs filled the entire room. He was so friendly and kind. Many nice things have happened to me since he wrote about me in the book. I have made friends through the mails with many Americans."

As did Dr. Fujii, Mrs. Nakamura paid tribute to John Hersey's accuracy, and expressed admiration at his ability to remember all the tiny details.

I mention these conversations because they highlight, it seems to me, two things about John Hersey that contribute the most to his stature as an important American writer. The first is his conviction that human values, human feelings, and human experiences are the basic building blocks of writing—no matter how sweeping or seemingly abstract the event written about may be. This holds for non-fiction and fiction both. The second is a deep sense of purpose in his writing—the feeling that history-in-the-making calls for the most painstaking care and research, the ability to devote oneself to the task at hand, however time-and-energy-consuming that may be.

These are the ingredients of integrity in a writer, and nowhere are they more in evidence than in *The Wall*—to which John Hersey had devoted much of his time since early in 1945 when, as a correspondent in Russia, he was taken on a tour that included Estonia and Poland. What he saw in the concentration camps, then being liberated, and in what had once been the Ghettos, convinced him that Americans must be told exactly what had happened, so far as it was within his ability as a writer to ascertain the facts and to present them. At first, he thought he would write about it in a series of articles, but when he consulted all the notes and research materials, he decided that a book would be required.

But the biggest part of the research was yet to come. A year went into further digging here in the United States—talking to survivors, examining material sent to this country, going through translations of thousands of letters and newspapers. After many months of actual writing, he decided he would have to scrap everything he had done, despite the fact that the book was almost four-fifths complete. He felt that his book needed a central character around whom the story could develop. It was not enough to tell what had happened in the Ghetto in terms of actual experience; he wanted to get inside one person and make *his* story. He started from scratch again. The result is a novel that will do as much for the reputation of contemporary American literature as for Hersey himself.

A Selection from THE WALL

Felix was sufficiently recovered today to tell me more. . . .

That first afternoon Felix stood out in the yard, merely observing. He says he had a curious sensation of being a witness. He was near the group of shouting people by the wire fence, but he himself was making no effort to save himself. From the other side of the yard, someone suddenly screamed:

—The cars!

Others took up the alarm.

The crowd tightened and swayed. People looked this way and that. At first Felix was curious, he says, then he became infected with the general tenseness. A woman screamed piercingly. At that the crowd broke for the hospital building. Involuntarily Felix ran, too. Like a mob panicked by fire—only trying to get into a building rather than out of one—the crowd pressed toward two small doorways. Women were knocked down and trampled. . . . Finally Felix got through one of the doors. It appeared that the crowd was trying to get as far up into the building as possible. Felix followed, gripped by a force he could not comprehend, a crowd-fever. He ran up four flights of stairs, until the mob was pressed so tight on the stairway that he could go no further; he turned back then with others to the third floor, ran along a corridor and into a room at the end of it. The room became packed. The corridors and this room smelled sickening. . . . People fainted. There was a constant noise of shouting. . . .

Shots could be heard soon on the ground floor, and louder shouting. Then Felix realized the meaning of the rush: a trainload of Jews was about to be taken away, and these people wanted to survive one day longer. Felix says he began to shake; his teeth rattled. . . .

. . . [Guards] appeared at the door of the room where Felix was, and with shouts and by force, with pistol shots which now maimed and now only frightened, with fist and toe, with whip and stick . . . drove about half the Jews from the room—and then for no reason left the rest. . . .



A scene drawn by William Sharp from John Hersey's novel, *The Wall*, published by Alfred A. Knopf. After passive resistance to the Germans, the Jews of Warsaw fought back.

IN A lyrical mood, Barbara Murray Holland asks an age-old question—and gives it fresh, new meaning. Can love, she wonders, outlast an autumn parting and winter frosts to revive with the coming of spring? A group of her poems won first prize in last year's Scholastic Writing Awards.

Warning

The sky is brittle, and the grass is white
With frost at morning. Under every tree
Fruit, rotten in the leaves, I see,
And winter's footprint, that I heard at
night.
Yes, we shall be faithful, now the dying
year
Rolls frost and leaves across the frozen
heart,
Thin and close with autumn. Have no
fear;
Our love is frozen safe, though we must
part.
But O, the wind on hilltops, after rain,
Wet bark and straggling blossoms on
the bough,
A whistle calling from the moonlit lane,
Loud-running streams that lie hard-
frozen now.
Can love survive spring's coming in the
night,
With laughter, and the heart again in
sight?

Barbara Murray Holland, 15
Woodrow Wilson High School
Washington, D. C.
Teacher, Mrs. Randolph

"Write about something you know," the experts say—and family and relatives continue to be an inexhaustible and constantly rewarding source of inspiration.

Younger Than Springtime

Many a woman past thirty-five has glanced at her rapidly expanding waistline, sighed—and continued to spread. Not so Aunt Anna. After realizing that daily diet threats are not decreasing her girth, she has embarked upon a costly, racking, muscle-binding route to youth and radiance. Not only is her body in the throes of drastic transformation, but a correspondence course with Helena Rubenstein is going to remodel her face, and a syndicated column to rejuvenate her mind.

Her "spring cleaning," she calls it.

Now each evening before retiring, oblivious to the family and the hour, Aunt Anna doffs her spectacles and dons the ritual robe. Then she makes her stand in the living-room and vigorously attacks her exercises. Faithfully counting, she bends, straightens, and contorts

Young Voices

Selections Contributed by Student Writers



her trunk into fantastic snakelike positions. She starts with deep knee-bends and works climactically past push-ups, push-downs, and push-sideways to the *piece de resistance*, which I have named the "lift or lose." At considerable risk to life (ours) and limb (hers), this exercise involves a synchronized swinging of one leg, then the other over a high-backed chair.

You would think that, after this, Aunt Anna has had more than enough for one evening. Oh, no! A final ordeal remains. The "roller" has become a family classic. Its mechanics are very simple. Aunt just lies down on the floor and lets go. When she begins to roll, we clear away any obstructing chairs, tables, or lamps, then flatten ourselves against the walls to give her the right of way. She has a high velocity and bears down ruthlessly on anybody or anything that happens to be in her path. I consider this exercise really worthwhile because, by collecting huge quantities of dust from the floor, it makes for a cleaner, more sanitary house and an easier vacuum job the following day.

Completion of the gymnastics battle by no means ends the campaign. Aunt Anna sinks into the nearest chair, the newspaper in one hand and a Helena Rubenstein special, complete with directions, in the other. After burying her face under the ointment, she proceeds to psychoanalyze herself according to the method prescribed by her favorite lady columnist. The analysis over, Aunt is happily convinced of her emotional

immaturity, physical drabness, marital unhappiness, sagging spirits, and split personality. She puts up her hair in dozens of little pin curls, held in place by sharp, metal clips, and finally totters off to bed for the compulsory eight hours of therapeutic sleep.

We're hoping that next spring a streamlined Aunt Anna will again be content to help Mother do up curtains and slip-covers, beat the rugs, and move the furniture.

Judith Lewittes, 15

Christopher Columbus High School
Bronx, New York
Teacher, Mr. Sidney Mandell

This delicate fantasy by Patricia O'Brien comes very close to the poet's ideal—complete harmony of mood and expression.

Hoarder of Dreams

I have a friend who hoards the sun
For rainy afternoons
To serve with tea and sugar cakes
From dainty silver spoons.

Her house is made of worn-out dreams
That never did come true
And sheltered from the heartless eye
By walls of lilac blue.

Her doilies are of glossy web
Spun by hands unseen
And chairs of polished sandalwood
Line walls of shaded green.

I have a friend who hoards the spring
For winter's harshest day
And scraps of song and blue-jay tails
To mend a sky of gray.

Patricia A. O'Brien

Academy of Mt. St. Ursula
Bronx, N. Y.
Teacher, Helen M. Prunty

Make a few minor changes to suit your own experience, and James Ekwall's wonderful heroine becomes a person *you* know. James' short short story won a third prize in the Scholastic Writing Awards of 1948.

A Woman of Her Profession

For many years, Miss Gillcrest had checked my books in and out of the public library. When I had first begun coming to her end of the long, impressive counter, I was scarcely tall enough to see over the top, and my earliest recollection of Miss Gillcrest is a row of brass buttons.

"That's a big load of books you've got there today, sonny," she would say sweetly, following up with her hearty chuckle, which adhered strictly to the "Quiet Please" posters, but still, when unbridled, ran along as unconcernedly as a chugging steam engine which it reminded me of.

Until the time when, several years after our first encounter, my Miss Gillcrest had at last become an accepted part of the library ritual, I would not leave that oak-paneled desk, my story books held tightly under both arms, without casting awe-filled backward glances toward Miss Gillcrest, resignedly stamping cards and performing other bothersome tasks belonging to a dutiful librarian.

I grew older and my tastes changed, but Miss Gillcrest remained the same. One afternoon at that hour which varies from day to day, when libraries are not so crowded, I placed a large volume of de Maupassant short stories on the blue-blotted desk before her.

"Gracious," she began as she saw the title, and her chest heaved as the chuckle that was coming up became engulfed in a tremendous sigh, "you are surely not serious about de Maupassant!"

"I'm sorry," I stammered. "De Maupassant is not good?"

All of Miss Gillcrest, which is a considerable amount, shook in indignation. "For years it was the policy of this library to forego the purchase of 'trash.' That's right . . . it is trash. But ten years ago, when de Maupassant, Zola—to say nothing of innumerable vile Russian works—were purchased contrary to my advice, I was afraid that they would fall into the wrong hands." Then she dealt the book a shattering blow, which sent it skating across the blotter and onto the floor. To this day I believe that she stamped upon it, for she did an amazing amount of footwork behind the counter before she managed to pick it up and return it to the desk.

I was sorry then that de Maupassant, Zola, and the vile Russian authors had ever existed, for they had shattered indirectly the picture of my perfect Miss Gillcrest. The Miss Gillcrest who, when I placed a book tenderly in her hands, smiled sweetly at me, stamped the book

as a librarian should, and placed it again lovingly in my young hands.

I left her, not daring to look back, as shamefaced as a puppy of fifteen could be.

After the de Maupassant episode, I never again approached Miss Gillcrest with a book of questionable respectability; rather I took these works to her disinterested confederates when she was nowhere around.

"Ugh!" she gasped one afternoon as I stood before her, free of any sense of guilt, for I had with me a ponderous biography of Johannes Brahms—to my knowledge, a fine, scholarly study of that great musician's life. "Brahms, that great boor."

"Brahms is not good?" I questioned meekly.

"Oh, it's not just Brahms that is not good . . . it is music that's bad."

I was extremely crestfallen, but I managed to nod understandingly and murmur that there was probably something to what she said.

"Music is sensual," she continued, raising her thick eyebrows and lowering her eyelids slightly. "And Brahms was the most wicked musician you can imagine. Being a man and a musician made him doubly wicked, you see."

"Men are not good, Miss Gillcrest?" As her eyes narrowed into shining slits, mine widened into saucers.

"Good, son? Men have never caused anything but misery in the world. Why,



See Yourself in Print

● Have you a short story, poem, or essay of which you are especially proud? Send it to "Young Voices." The best contributions will be published. Address: Young Voices Editor, Literary Cavalcade, 7 East 12th St., New York 3, N.Y. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wish your contribution returned. If requested, individual comment and criticism will be given at the editor's discretion. Material submitted is automatically considered for prizes in the annual Scholastic Awards.

they have shamed and disgraced themselves and their women ever since Adam tattled on Eve. I thank God that I am here, safe from them and their wicked ways."

My book was pounced upon, and I walked out more disillusioned than ever, for the little chap directly behind me had his *Gulliver's Travels* stamped with loving care, and received the same broad grin and cheery greeting from Miss Gillcrest that I once delighted in. I envied him and wondered if some day he too would follow in my black path of sin and be lowered in the eyes of Miss Gillcrest to the station of a worm.

On my next trip to the library I was both relieved and disappointed to find my critical friend absent. I drew out a current novel with no anticipatory sense of fear, but feeling the shame a young child experiences when he takes a cookie behind his mother's back.

I returned the book safely and drew out others more or less adult with no trouble from Miss Gillcrest, for she was nowhere to be seen and no one knew where she could be found. Miss Gillcrest had vanished.

Months later, I was returning from the library with Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina* tucked securely under my arm. I saw coming toward me someone I knew so well as a conservative lady that her smartly furred, strutting figure scarcely seemed real to me—and on the arm of a gentleman. It was Miss Gillcrest, and she looked younger than I had ever imagined her to be. Possibly the ripened appearance of her escort, who looked to be sixty, gave her a girlish look by comparison. Her cheeks seemed almost rosy, and her smile was quite attractive.

"Hello, dear," she gushed affectionately as she introduced me to her husband. "What have you there?" she asked, pointing to the book under my arm.

I felt my face burn and knew it was redder than I could imagine, but I surrendered *Anna* with apparent calm.

"A wonderful book," she howled enthusiastically and chuckled a new version of her old steam-engine chuckle.

She returned the book and shook my hand warmly. "Well, dear, Victor and I must be off. We're on our way to the symphony and we dare not be late. Brahms tonight, you know. Goodbye, dear. Come, Victor."

And she and Victor paddled off down the street toward the elevated, while I looked after them, with *Anna* dropped on the sidewalk at my feet.

James Garrett Ekwall

Evanston (Ill.) Township H.S.
Teacher, Ralph Potter

DETAIL OF MOSES from Tomb of Pope Julius



1. "A work of art," Michelangelo has said, "lives forever, whereas the artist's time is measured. The creator will go, but his work survives. That is why—to escape death—I attempt to bind my soul to my work."



2. At 13, Michelangelo was brought to Florence, city of splendor, and apprenticed to an artist. Soon invited to study at Lorenzo's Academy of Sculpture, he was taken into the Medici household, heaped with princely favor. At 17 he completed his first major work, a forceful expression of his explosive emotions, *The Battle of the Centaurs*.

The Titan, presented by Robert J. Flaherty in association with Robert Snyder and Ralph Alswang, was written by Norman Borissoff and adapted from the Curt Darte' Film, *Michelangelo, Life of a Titan*. Narration is by Fredric March.

THE TITAN

THE STORY OF MICHELANGELO

This is an unusual screen biography. The life of Michelangelo is told in a series of striking camera studies of the great master's works, of vistas of the Italian countryside, and of landmarks in Florence and Rome. These are accompanied by an eloquent voice and sound track to create a stirring and moving film. Never do we see an actual person, yet the whole pageant of the Renaissance sweeps across the screen. Sculptor, architect, painter, poet, man of battle—every facet of Michelangelo's life and time is explored with excitement and deep understanding.

MICHELANGELO IN MILITARY ATTIRE



9. In wake of religious reforms that swept Europe, Florence was attacked. Michelangelo, made a general, was in charge of fortifications. The city fell and Pope Paul begged him to return to Rome. Five years he worked on the *Last Judgment*, reaped new honors, until death pulled at his sleeve. The creator went, but his work survives.

SLAVE from Tomb of Pope Julius



8. But first Michelangelo was to paint the great ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Four tortured years he labored—to create his own heaven and earth. Then Julius died and the sculptor designed his tomb. For the base he made four slaves, symbols of man's suffering.

HEAD OF LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT
from the Tomb of the Medici



3. But Lorenzo died, the Medici name lost its magic, and the vanity which Lorenzo symbolized was attacked. Timid and insecure by nature, frightened by the turmoil, Michelangelo fled to Bologna. But the Bolognese sculptors were openly jealous of their rival. He moved on to Rome.

DETAIL OF THE BACCHUS



4. Rome was rediscovering its past, unearthing relics of its empire. The vivid remnants of pagan glory opened new vistas to the youth, reflected in the first work he did in Rome—the Greek god of wine, Bacchus. But this pagan spirit was fiercely attacked by the Florentine monk Savonarola, whose thundering curses were silenced by excommunication and death.

PIETA, ST. PETER'S



5. The sensitive Michelangelo was moved by a spirit of compassion. It was reflected in the statue he was completing. Placed in St. Peter's, this was mistaken for the work of another. One night Michelangelo slipped into the chapel, chiselled in the stone, "I, Michelangelo Buonarroti of Florence, made this." It was the only work he ever signed.

BORGELLO MADONNA



7. Michelangelo was a public hero. The city voted him a house and a studio. To it came a stream of wealthy patrons. For the banker Pitti he made the Borgello Madonna. Pope Julius summoned him to the Vatican. The Pope wished a colossal monument built for his tomb.

HEAD OF DAVID



6. Michelangelo decided to go home to Florence. The Cathedral owned a 19-foot block of flawed marble. No sculptor thought it could be salvaged—except Michelangelo. Four years he labored in secrecy. When it was finished the statue exalted all the Renaissance stood for. It was David.



Sequences from the deeply touching film about a lonely young man who finds friendship on the threshold of death

The Hasty Heart

Screen Play by Randal MacDougall

From Stage Play by John Patrick

Directed by Vincent Sherman

Presented by Warner Bros.

THE CAST

YANK	Ronald Reagan
SISTER MARGARET, THE NURSE	Patricia Neal
LACHIE	Richard Todd
TOMMY	Howard Crawford
KIWI	Ralph Michael
DIGGER	John Sherman
BLOSSOM	Orlando Martins
COL. DUNN	Anthony Nichols
ORDERLY	Alfred Bass

[The story opens with a detachment of British soldiers threading its way through the Burma jungle. Corporal Lachie, a young Scotsman, is playing his bagpipes when an order comes to take cover. There is a brief skirmish and Lachie is wounded, a shrapnel fragment embedded in his back. He is sent to the hospital.

The next day, while Lachie is unconscious on the operating table, news comes that the war is over. The surgeons look pathetically at Lachie, who is unaware of the irony of the situation.

The operation is successful and Lachie recovers. However, he is not sent home. Without explaining why, the commanding officer of the hospital, Colonel Dunn, orders Lachie kept on for observation. Filled with bitterness, Lachie watches a group of discharged patients bidding goodbye to their nurse, Sister Margaret, as they leave the hospital for home. Lachie cannot understand why he, too, is not being sent home.

Col. Dunn informs Sister Margaret that Lachie has been assigned to her ward, but he wants to speak to her patients before the Scotsman moves in.

Sister Margaret's patients come from far places. Yank, recuperating from malaria, is an American ambulance driver. Digger, who has a wounded arm, is an Australian. Blossom is a Basuto Negro from Africa who knows only one word

of English—Blossom. Kiwi is a bearded New Zealander. Tommy is a fat, jolly Cockney. They are a light-hearted group until Margaret tells them that a Scotsman is moving into the ward.

Yank becomes upset. He doesn't like Scots because of his own strict Scottish grandfather. "You should have known my grandfather Angus," he tells them. "There were only two infallible beings to Grandpa's way of thinking. God was the other one. . . . If it were humanly possible for me to get rid of my Scottish blood, I'd donate it all to the Red Cross."

Before Lachie's arrival, Col. Dunn visits the ward to tell the men why Lachie is in the hospital. The Scotsman does not know it, the Colonel explains, but he is going to die in a few weeks. One of his kidneys had to be removed in the operation, and the other was

Photo Above:

Lachie, wounded, doesn't know he has few weeks to live, is lonely, stubborn, trusts nobody, turns down friendship.

found to be defective. For a limited time it will do the work of two kidneys. Then it will collapse and uremic poisoning will set in. Lachie has no family and no ties and the colonel wants the men in the ward to make Lachie's last days happy. "I'm placing him here," the colonel says, "because . . . well, it seems to me that a man should have friends around him when he dies. That's your job—to be friends with him. Make him happy."

The men are shocked by the colonel's announcement. Digger asks Yank, "Would you want to know it if you were going to die?" Yank replies, "I am going to die . . . some day. But I'd just as soon let God surprise me."

Medium Shot of Ward as Margaret and Lachie enter. The men stop what they're doing and are silent and curious as Margaret ushers Lachie into the centre of the room.

MARGARET (brightly): Now, boys . . . this is our new patient, Corporal Lachlen MacLachlen. (To Lachie) The men will introduce themselves. I know you're all going to be great friends.

LACHIE: Why?

MARGARET (laughing gaily to cover it): Oh, that's very amusing. Very. (To the boys) You should find that Corporal MacLachlen has a wonderful sense of humor. (To Lachie) The Colonel said you could sit up if you like or get into bed and rest—just as you like.

LACHIE: I'll sit and think a bit.

MARGARET (hastily): Yank—help him find a bed, will you? I've got to finish the reports.

She exits fast, leaving Lachie staring at the men, and they at him. Yank clears his throat, finally, and indicates the bed next to his own.

YANK (bouncing the mattress): This is a nice bed, Buster. They've all got lumps, but this one belonged to a light sleeper—

He laughs at his own corny joke, and the other men grin a little with him. The amusement dies away as Lachie looks at them stonily, then walks down the length of the ward and puts his gear beside the bed farthest away from them.

KIWI: Hey, Jock! (Lachie ignores him)

YANK: He's talking to you.

LACHIE: If ye moost address me, ye'll use ma proper name.

KIWI: I didn't catch it. What is it?

YANK: Lachlen—something.

KIWI: All right, "Lachie." Is that okay?

LACHIE: And what did ye want?

Reprinted by permission of Warner Brothers from the film script by Randal MacDougall.

KIWI: Nothing. Thought you might feel like talking.

LACHIE: Aboot, such as?

KIWI: Nothing—just gab.

LACHIE: I place little value on talking of naught.

Kiwi looks at the others, then gets to his feet, and crosses to the porch.

TOMMY: Say, Lachie . . . you may have noticed I'm a little plump.

LACHIE: Aye.

TOMMY (producing a bar of chocolate and passing it to Yank): Well, I'm not supposed to eat this stuff—Give it to him, Yank.

Yank extends the bar of chocolate toward Lachie.

YANK: Here you are, Buster.

LACHIE: And may I be so bold as to ask what ye're thrusting at ma person?

YANK: It's a bar of chocolate. Don't you want it?

LACHIE: Is it no good?

YANK: Of course it's good. It's very good. What do you think he's giving it to you for?

LACHIE (to Tommy): Why are ye?

TOMMY: Because I want it, but I thought you might want it more. Is that an insult?

LACHIE: It's no consistent.

Tommy, with a wave of the hand, indicates that Lachie is hopeless. He too crosses to the porch.

DIGGER: Would you like something, to read, Lachie? (He throws him a book)

LACHIE (taking a look at the book, and tossing it back): I place no value on books. They're a waste of a thinking mon's time.

DIGGER: One thing, lad. Aren't you a bit small to be so unpleasant.

LACHIE: When ye get that thing off your arm, I'll show ye how unpleasant I can be, small as I am.

Digger joins the others on the porch.

YANK: You're a Scot all right. (He de-

cides to make one more go of it) What regiment were you with, Lachie?

LACHIE: Why do ye ask?

YANK: I was just curious. I thought I might know somebody in your regiment.

LACHIE: Are ye a Scot?

YANK: No, but my grandfather was.

LACHIE: I think it unlikely ye'd find your grandfather in my regiment.

YANK: Look, Buster, I know where my grandfather is. He's in the family plot, where he belongs. But I've been driving an ambulance, and I got around quite a bit. I thought we might have friends in common.

LACHIE: Most unlikely. I dinna make friends freely.

YANK: You don't make friends—period.

[That evening Sister Margaret and the men make another attempt to be friendly. They learn that Lachie, who belongs to the Cameron Highlanders, has no kilt. They urge him to get one. He refuses, insists he has better uses for his money. He tells them he has bought a little farm in Scotland; two more payments and it is his. As usual, Lachie succeeds in antagonizing everybody.]

Shot of Lachie and Yank.

YANK (furious): Look Buster . . . what are you so griped about?

LACHIE: Wuid ye be sae kind as tae speak the King's English?

YANK: I've got a parrot that speaks better English than you do.

LACHIE: A pity ye didn't learn frae yer parrot, then.

YANK (controlling himself): I just wanted to know what you're sore about. When people are friendly to you, why can't you be pleasant?

LACHIE: And who's been friendly?

YANK: Sister Margaret—and us too, for that matter.

LACHIE: Ye should hae told me. I cuid hae saved you time and trooble. I put nae value on casual friendships. I dinna like tae hae me freedom nibbled intae.

[Later, Margaret persuades the men to make one more attempt at friendship. Her records show that Lachie is about to observe his 21st birthday and for a birthday gift she gets him a full Highland dress including kilts. The men insist on sharing the expense of the gift. She agrees and they wait for Lachie.]

Two Shot of Yank and Tommy.

YANK (sotto): Didn't she forget something? Something important?

TOMMY: What?

YANK: Underneath the kilt . . . don't they wear some sort of fancy pants?

TOMMY: Didn't you know?

He beckons Yank closer and whispers into his ear. Kiwi and Digger



Lachie accepts kilt as gift, finds, for first time in his life, people like him.



Lachie is in love with nurse who knows his fate. He pours out his heart, proposes to her. She agrees to marry him.

crowd in to listen. Then Yank straightens up and looks at Tommy in awed surprise.

YANK (to Tommy): Are you kidding?

TOMMY (confidently): No.

DIGGER: Bit drafty, I should think.

YANK: Aw, thev must wear some kind of diaper or something. (He suddenly looks startled) Something!

TOMMY (shaking his head): Nothing.

YANK (to the world): Ten bucks says he wears something.

TOMMY: Two pounds you're wrong.

YANK: It's a bet.

KIWI: I've got two pounds says Yank is right.

DIGGER: I'll take that!

Kiwi meanwhile has been glancing out the door. Lachie is coming back.

[One by one, the men and Sister Margaret bring Lachie their gifts. He accepts them without looking up or saying a word.]

Close Shot of Lachie as he raises his head for the first time. He is crying. He gets to his feet. When he speaks, after some difficulty with his throat, it is in an attempted business-like way.

LACHIE: I wuid hae a word we' ye. (He swallows) I dinna understand ye. I ken that now. I dinna understand ma'self. Ye've done a thing that hurts my heart. Nae mon in all ma' life befor gae me tuppence for naught, or a kind word for a kick. I'd forgotten it was ma' birthday. I thank ye.

YANK (with awe): He's human!

LACHIE: But, hae I the right tae take yur kilt? The taking lays a claim on me. I moost make it verra plain to ye, one and all, that I've no way to return yur kindness. I moost nae make a mistake. They say that sorrow is born in the hasty heart . . . (He looks around) Now, I've nae wish to invite sorrow, so ma' problem—

MARGARET: Oh, do be quiet, Lachie. For once in your life be hasty and risk a mistake.

LACHIE (trying hard): Boot I . . .

MARGARET: Keep your mouth shut and let your heart talk. (Shaking her head) When a Scot makes a fool of himself he makes a big one.

YANK: Put 'em on! Yeah. Put 'em on, Lachie.

KIWI: Let's see how you look.

YANK (leaning over to Lachie): Lachie, we've got a little bet on and you're the only one to settle it . . . do you or don't you wear something under the kilt?

LACHIE: Ma' friends, I deeply regret ye've asked, for I nae can tell ye. It's the one question nae Scot will answer rightly.

YANK: Never mind then. Just put 'em on, and see how you look.

LACHIE: I'll wear ma' kilt when the occasion is fitting. I'll put it on the day I leave here . . . nae before. I'll nae make a show of ma'self.

[Lachie starts to become friendly and once he takes the first step his dammed up affection for the others pours out in a flood. He accepts Yank as his confidant and guide. Yank, though he is eligible to be discharged, chooses to remain with Lachie to the end. Sister Margaret, lovely, gentle, and sympathetic, tries to help Lachie understand how to get along with people.]

Shot of Lachie and Margaret in semi-darkness on the porch at night.

MARGARET (gently): Are you worried about something, Lachie?

LACHIE: Aye. I thought I was enough for myself. Now I know that a man needs friends.

MARGARET: But you told me you had many friends . . . in Scotland and vari-

ous other parts of the wurr-uld . . . that's what you said.

LACHIE: I lied. How cuid I hae friends? I'd nae education. And being as poor as a church moose, I'd nae money to squander, and there was always the fact—(He looks at her, then stops) Well, there were oother reasons as well. I'd naught tae interest or offer. Who wuid want to be friends with the like of me? That's how I used to feel.

MARGARET: You were wrong to feel that way.

LACHIE: Aye. It got worse, though, until I ended up hating the human race. I'd nae love or respect for any mon. I'd nae faith in the guidness of people. And whin the war came, it did nae help. It only proved what I'd been thinking. And then, the waste of it. Four years gone from my life and naething to show for it but a silly wound on the last day of battle. I tell ye, sister, I dispaired. In ma' blindness and ma' rage, I was wicked enough to think that only I knew the meaning of suffering. I'm twenty-one years old. And for the first time today, it occurred to me that I've never really been alive before. I've been a puir, dour mon with naught in my favor and nae reason to exist.

MARGARET: Don't, Lachie. You mustn't talk like that.

LACHIE: Ah, but it's true, girl. There was a mon in ma' regiment—a decent chap and somewhat quiet, like ma'self. We got on together, I dare say because neither of us wuid say a word to the other, one week to the next. He got hit the same time it happened to me, but he died, the puir mon. And the last words he spoke was taw me . . . "Mac-Lachen," he says, "I'm glad we were



Happier than he has ever been before, Lachie has "shared a moment with kings."

friends," and then he smiled and he died. (*A pause*) And until now I hadn't the least idea what he was talking about. Isn't that a shameful thing? (*Intensely*) I tell ye, I've got tae do something, Sister. It's a great torment to me. I owe sae much.

MARGARET: To whom?

LACHIE: To the world . . . to my fellow mon. I've—(*He hesitates*) It's hard tae say, but I've been mean. Now I want to change. I am changed. (*After a pause*) I hope.

MARGARET: Of course you are, Lachie. The mere fact that you can talk this way proves that. You can only talk to people when you trust them . . . and your whole trouble was that you didn't trust us, or anyone.

Shot of Lachie and Margaret as Lachie gets into bed. Margaret sits beside him.

LACHIE (*as he settles down*): It's an odd thing . . . but I feel verra tired. More tired than I've ever been in ma' life before. (*An attempted joke*) It cuid be I'm not used to thinking.

MARGARET (*sensing his illness*): I don't want you to lie awake all night plotting how to change the world. Easy does it, Lachie—remember, sorrow is born in the hasty heart.

LACHIE: I'm nae hasty. And I've made oop ma' mind. Everything ah own—ma' farm and all—I'll gie to mankind. I owe sae much.

MARGARET: Lachie . . . instead of the things you own, why don't you share yourself with . . . (*Indicating other beds*)—your friends?

LACHIE (*savouring it*): Ma friends.

MARGARET: Yes. Tell them about yourself . . . about where you live . . . and what it's like when you're home. They'll be richer for it. I know that I am . . . for the things you've shared with me already.

LACHIE: Ye can nae mean me, Sister.

MARGARET: But I do. As a human being, I don't suppose I have any—oh—individuality. I'm the people I've met. I'm a mixture of everything I've ever read or seen. I'm everyone I ever loved.

LACHIE: And ye've taken something frae me?

MARGARET: Without your knowing it. Margaret tucks in his blanket.

MARGARET: Have you been as happy with us, Lachie, as you've ever been in your life?

LACHIE (*slowly*): I think I've shared a moment with kings.

MARGARET (*turning away*): Good-night, Lachie.

LACHIE (*as she starts to leave*): Sister Margaret, do ye ken ye've gaen me something too, wi'out your knowing it? (*She turns back*) Something I never had before . . . something that makes me know when ye come into the room . . . even when I canna see ye come. (*She puts her hand on his shoulder*) Ah, ye're



When he learns he has only a week to live, Lachie spurns mates, says they gave him pity, not friendship, plans to fly to Scotland, where he hasn't kith or kin.

a lovely girl. S' ter. Ye are indeed. (*He turns his head and kisses her hand*)

MARGARET (*gently withdrawing it*): You shouldn't have done that.

LACHIE: Aye, I'd nae right.

Margaret looks down at him for an instant. She cups his face in her hands and kisses him on the mouth.

MARGARET (*softly*): No right at all.

[Lachie is happy as he never before had dreamed of being. He puts on his Highland dress and Yank takes pictures of the group. In a burst of happiness Lachie confides to Yank his love for Sister Margaret and dashes off to propose marriage to her.]

LACHIE: I'll gie ye all I can. Ye'll never want for food, and ye'll never worry about the rent. I've worked since I was seven. I've been a cabin boy, a seaman, a carpenter, a farmer, a miner, a stevedore. I'm twenty-one. I can gie ye numerous character references. (*He begins to search his mind desperately for other virtues*) I've good teeth. (*Again he searches*) I love ye. (*Again he searches*) I'm nae tattooed. (*He searches once more, then gives up*) I hope ye'll dew me the honor of considering ma' proposal.

MARGARET: Lachie, are you asking me to marry you because you think you owe me something?

LACHIE (*softly*): I offer ye ma' he'rt because it does me nae guid wi'out ye.

MARGARET (*taking a deep breath*): Lachie, if it makes you happy to think of us being married . . . then that's what I want too.

[Col. Dunn receives orders from Headquarters to tell Lachie what is wrong with him, that he will die in a week or two. The Army is ready to fly Lachie to spend his last days in Scotland if he so desires, or he can choose to remain among his friends. When Lachie learns all this he is convinced that Margaret and Yank and all the others have been kind to him out of pity, not friendship. He spurns their friendship, returns the Highland dress, puts on his uniform and prepares to go home to Scotland. As he packs, Lachie is approached by Blossom who has a shell necklace that he has fashioned. Blossom holds out the necklace to Lachie, a farewell offering. Lachie throws the necklace in Blossom's face.]

Medium Shot of Ward as the boys all rise. Yank springs forward and pulls Lachie around to face him, his face blazing.

YANK: I want to tell you something before you go, Buster. You were bad enough when you came in here. If you weren't dying there isn't one of us who would have had anything to do with you—

LACHIE (*bitterly*): I'm aware of that.

YANK: But you loosened up. We got to like you. We thought you were a



Yank doesn't know why a man wants to die despised, alone. He tells off Lachie, who breaks down, decides to stay in Burma, die among only friends he's had.

good Joe. Well, we were wrong. You're worse now than you were then. You've got a mean streak in you. You've been sore your whole life because things didn't come easy for you, so now you take your spite out on every person you meet! We tried to be friends with you—

LACHIE: Af hae nae use fur your kind of friendship.

YANK: You didn't pay for it. You didn't earn it. You got it for nothing. So what're you kicking about? We're human beings—we make mistakes. Maybe we made a mistake with you. We're not perfect. But what makes you think you are? (A pause) You're sore, that's your trouble. You're sore because you didn't know when you were going to die. Does anybody know? Would it make you happier if all of us kicked off before you do? Is that what you want?

LACHIE (with dignity): I dinna envy ye living after me. That's a matter of sma' concern. (To them all) I wish each of ye a long and lovely life. (To Yank) I'm no' afraid tae die, and dinna think it. But ye tricked and cheated me. I thought ye were ma' friends. But ye did nae gie me friendship. Ye gie me pity.

YANK: Sure. At first we did. What else could we give you? But after that it was friendship—understanding. We liked you. We thought you liked us.

LACHIE (bitterly): Did ye now? When ye gae me the kilt that ye used to bribe away ma' pride—did ye like me? Whin ye promised to write me letters—from all over the world—wan't it an easy kind of promise? Ye knew in yur hearts I'd be dead before the ink

could dry. Dead and buried and forgotten.

YANK: You're wrong, Lachie. There's no use me standing here telling you we were your friends. You're determined not to believe it. But you're wrong, and I can prove it. (He turns and edges Blossom forward toward Lachie) Did Blossom pity you? Or was he a friend? Like we tried to be.

Blossom looks on in evident puzzle-ment, then with a smile at Lachie.

BLOSSOM: Blossom.

YANK (to Lachie): See? No English. He didn't know you were going to die. He still doesn't know what we're talking about. He didn't make that necklace for you out of pity. He wanted to give you something. He liked you.

Very quietly, Lachie stands staring at Blossom, who smiles at him, picks up the necklace and hands it to him again, nodding and smiling.

YANK: Go ahead, Lachie, fling it in his face. Throw his friendship back at him—the same as you have with us. (A pause—Lachie does nothing) A guy like you causes a lot of unhappiness in the world. Maybe you aren't worth being friends with. But I wish I could understand what makes a man want to die despised and alone.

[Lachie continues his packing and the other men form a group for a final picture. Yank is leaving, too.]

Close Shot of Lachie. He sinks down on the end of his bed and covers his face with his hands. After a moment of struggle he speaks.

LACHIE: I dinna want tae die alone. Margaret rushes to him, and kneels beside him.

MARGARET: Oh Lachlen, why don't you say what you want to say . . . let it come out.

LACHIE: It's nae easy fur me tae say it. All my life I hated what I cuid nae have. It saved ma' pride. . . (He turns and faces them) Do ye ken? Boot noo I've nae the time to squander on ma' pride. (He continues humbly) I've been wrang. There's naught to excuse it. Ah had ma' chance, and ah lost it—and there's nothing left if I gae noo. So I ask ye humbly, I want tae stay. If I moost beg ye tae take me back, then I beg ye.

Group Shot men and Margaret as they look at Lachie soberly, sensing what this has cost him. There are tears in Margaret's eyes.

YANK (gruffly): Why don't you get back into your blues, Buster? Then you can finish washing the dishes.

MARGARET (half smiling): You can change in my office, Lachie.

Close on Margaret as she peers at the group through the finder of the camera.

MARGARET: Stay close together.

TOMMY'S VOICE: Are we very handsome looking, Sister?

MARGARET: I—I can't see you very well. (She blinks her eyes) No. Not very handsome. But very wonderful.

MARGARET: Now hold still . . . one . . . two.

Lachie opens the office door and faces them. He has put his kilt on. They wait for him to speak.

LACHIE: Wuid ye be sae guid as tae let me hae me' photo taken wi' ye? (No one speaks) Please.

YANK (pointing to a place beside himself): You belong here.

In passing his bed, Lachie picks up Blossom's beads and puts them on. Blossom smiles from the group. Lachie takes his place in the center.

MARGARET: Ready . . . (She looks into the camera)

Yank puts an arm around Lachie, who looks up at him. None of the others is smiling, but slowly and effortlessly Lachie breaks into a broad smile that he's been saving all his life.

MARGARET: One . . . two . . . three . . . That's it.

Lachie, still holding the smile, relaxes somewhat. Then suddenly he leaps into the air with a yell. He whirls and holds his kilt down behind with his two hands, as the men break away revealing Tommy.

LACHIE: Help! Don't ye dew that!

The camera moves in on Tommy, kneeling on the bed, beaming ecstatically.

TOMMY: I found out! I looked! I found out!



Courtesy Associated American Artists

The Helmsman • A Drypoint by Gordon Grant

On the Hill

By JOHN MASEFIELD

READING a new book of poems by John Masefield* is like welcoming an old friend who has visited often and is always greeted with affection. The age of 71 finds England's Poet Laureate almost as productive as he was at 24, when he gave us *Salt-Water Ballads*, with the lyric "Sea Fever," perhaps the poem for which he is best known. It is unjust, however, that his reputation should rest on a single poem, for his collected poetry fills a hefty volume, and he has written stories and novels crammed with adventure.

In *On the Hill*, John Masefield's newest book of poetry, you will find over a score of poems. There are narrative poems that move to the lilt of real folk song, a moving religious allegory, eerie ghost poems, and translations from old French ballads.

"A Tale of Country Things," is a long poem that tells the story of an old-time Sunday boxing bout

And fights, in those days, were with fi-
Bare-knuckled, skin to skin,
No gloves, nor tapes, on hands or wrists
But take the fortune of the lists
And let the best man win.

The ropes were hitched to make a square,
Where level grass might be
An umpire stood to see all fair,
Between rounds no one had a chair,
He took his second's knee.

• • •

And now the lucky coin is spun:
Jock wins the toss and takes
The corner backing on the sun.

Now, save the seconds, everyone
Stands clear of ropes and stakes.

But the fight was scotched before it could start, for the lass who loved one of the fighters told the authorities; she feared to see her lover go down in defeat.

In "The Wind of the Sea" we find the haunting music that is the signature of Masefield:

Three sailor-men from Bantry Bay
Ventured to sea on Christmas Day
It blows.
The wind of the sea torments us.

Out in the sea one found his grave
Although the others strove to save.
They strove as hard as men can do
But only saved their shipmate's shoe;
His shoe, his hat, his wooden fid,
And tinder-box with painted lid.
It blows.
The wind of the sea torments us.

His weeping Mother went to pray
At St. Anne's Church on Bantry Bay.
She prayed like many another one,
"O sweet Saint, give me back my Son."
Swiftly St. Anne made answer wise:-
"He waits for you in Paradise."
The Mother laughed and went her way
Back to her home and died that day.
It blows.
The wind of the sea torments us.

**On the Hill*, by John Masefield. The Macmillan Co., New York City. Copyright 1949 by John Masefield. 122 pp. \$1.50.

Animal Farm

About the Book . . .

Animal Farm is a political satire written in the form of an allegory. The characters represent historical persons. The events in the story suggest occurrences in the history of Soviet Russia. The plot is simple. The animals on a certain farm revolt, overthrow their master, and take over the farm. The pigs are the leaders. Gradually dictatorship seeps in and the situation is no better than it was before.

Guideposts to Characters: For Major substitute Lenin; for Napoleon, Stalin; for Snowball, Trotsky; for Mr. Frederick substitute Hitler.

Guideposts to Events: The sale of the timber to Mr. Frederick represents the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939; the Battle of the Windmill, Hitler's attack on Russia. The card-cheating scene at the end of the story suggests the beginning of the Cold War.

All Men Are Enemies

Mr. Jones, of the Manor Farm, locked the hen-houses for the night and made his way up to bed.

As soon as the light in the bedroom went out there was a stirring and a fluttering all through the farm buildings. Word had gone 'round during the day that old Major, the prize Middle White boar, had had a strange dream on the previous night and wished to communicate it to the other animals.

At one end of the big barn, on a sort of raised platform, Major was already ensconced on his bed of straw. Before long the other animals began to arrive and make themselves comfortable after their different fashions. First came the three dogs, Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher, and then the pigs, who settled down in the straw immediately in front of the platform. The hens perched themselves on the window-sills, the pigeons fluttered up to the rafters, the sheep and cows lay down behind the pigs. The two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover, came in together. Clover was a stout motherly mare approaching middle life. Boxer was an enormous beast, and as strong as any two ordinary horses put together. After the horses came Muriel, the white goat, and Benjamin, the donkey.

Benjamin was the oldest animal on the farm, and the worst tempered. He

By **GEORGE ORWELL**

never laughed. It asked why, he would say that he saw nothing to laugh at.

When Major saw that they had all made themselves comfortable, he cleared his throat and began:

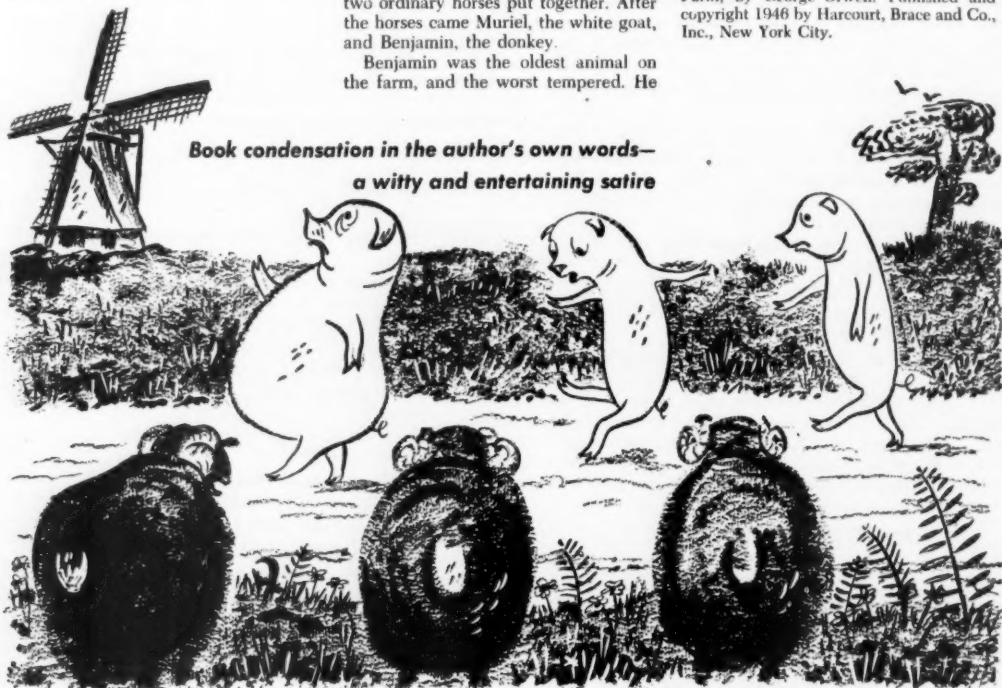
"Comrades, I do not think that I shall be with you for many months longer, and before I die, I feel it my duty to pass on to you such wisdom as I have acquired.

"Now, comrades, what is the nature of this life of ours? Let us face it: our lives are miserable, laborious, and short. We are born, we are given just so much food as will keep the breath in our bodies, and those of us who are capable of it are forced to work to the last atom of our strength; and the very instant that our usefulness has come to an end we are slaughtered with hideous cruelty.

"But is this simply part of the order

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**Book condensation in the author's own words—
a witty and entertaining satire**



of nature? Is it because this land of ours is so poor that it cannot afford a decent life to those who dwell upon it? No, comrades, a thousand times no! Why then do we continue in this miserable condition? Because nearly the whole of the produce of our labor is stolen from us by human beings. The answer to all our problems is summed up in a single word—Man. Remove Man from the scene, and the root cause of hunger and overwork is abolished for ever.

"Man is the only creature that consumes without producing. He does not give milk, he does not lay eggs, he is too weak to pull the plough, he cannot run fast enough to catch rabbits. Yet he is lord of all the animals. He sets them to work, he gives back to them the bare minimum that will prevent them from starving, and the rest he keeps for himself.

"Is it not crystal clear then, comrades, that all the evils of this life of ours spring from the tyranny of human

beings? Only get rid of Man, and almost overnight we could become rich and free. What then must we do? Why, work night and day, body and soul, for the overthrow of the human race! I do not know when that Rebellion will come, but I know, as surely as I see this straw beneath my feet, that sooner or later justice will be done!

"And remember, comrades, no argument must lead you astray. Never listen when they tell you that Man and the animals have a common interest, that the prosperity of the one is the prosperity of the others. It is all lies. Man serves the interests of no creature except himself. All men are enemies. All animals are comrades.

"I have little more to say. Remember, in fighting against Man, we must not come to resemble him. Even when you have conquered him, do not adopt his vices. No animal must ever live in a house, or sleep in a bed, or wear clothes, or drink alcohol, or smoke tobacco, or touch money, or engage in

trade. All the habits of Man are evil. And, above all, no animal must ever tyrannize over his own kind. We are all brothers. No animal must ever kill any other animal. All animals are equal.

"And now, comrades, I will tell you about my dream of last night. Many years ago, when I was a little pig, my mother and the other sows used to sing an old song of which they knew only the tune and the first three words. I had known that tune in my infancy, but it had long since passed out of my mind. Last night, however, it came back to me in my dream. And what is more, the words of the song also came back. I will sing you that song now, comrades. It is called *Beasts of England*."

Old Major cleared his throat and began to sing. It was a stirring tune, something between *Clementine* and *La Cucuracha*.

The singing of this song threw the animals into the wildest excitement. The whole farm burst out into *Beasts of*



England in tremendous unison, five times in succession.

Three nights later old Major died peacefully in his sleep. His body was buried at the foot of the orchard.

This was early in March. During the next three months there was much secret activity. The work of teaching and organizing the others fell naturally upon the pigs, who were generally recognized as being the cleverest of the animals. Pre-eminent among the pigs were two young boars named Snowball and Napoleon. Napoleon was a large, rather fierce-looking Berkshire boar, not much of a talker, but with a reputation for getting his own way. Snowball was a more vivacious pig than Napoleon, quicker in speech and more inventive, but was not considered to have the same depth of character. All the other male pigs on the farm were porkers. The best known among them was a small fat pig named Squealer. He was a brilliant talker. The others said of Squealer that he could turn black into white.

These three had elaborated old Major's teachings into a complete system of thought, to which they gave the name of Animalism. Several nights a week, after Mr. Jones was asleep, they held secret meetings in the barn and expounded the principles of Animalism to the others. Their most faithful disciples were the two carthorses, Boxer and Clover.

The Rebellion Succeeds

Now, as it turned out, the Rebellion was achieved much earlier and more easily than anyone had expected. Of late Mr. Jones had fallen on evil days and had taken to drinking. His men were dishonest, the fields were full of weeds, the buildings wanted roofing, the hedges were neglected, and the animals were underfed.

On Midsummer's Eve, which was a Saturday, Mr. Jones went into Willingdon and got so drunk that he did not come back till midday on Sunday. The men had milked the cows in the early morning and then had gone out rabbiting, without bothering to feed the animals. When Mr. Jones got back he immediately went to sleep on the drawing-room sofa, so that when evening came, the animals were still unfed.

At last the animals could stand it no longer. One of the cows broke in the door of the store-shed and all the animals began to help themselves from the bins. It was just then that Mr. Jones woke up. The next moment he and his four men were in the store-shed with whips in their hands, lashing out in all directions. This was more than the hungry animals could bear. With one accord they flung themselves upon their tormentors. Jones and his men suddenly found themselves being but-

ted and kicked from all sides. After a moment or two they gave up trying to defend themselves and took to their heels with the animals pursuing them in triumph.

And so, almost before they knew what was happening, the Rebellion had been successfully carried through: the Manor Farm was theirs. In a little while the animals had destroyed everything that reminded them of Mr. Jones. Then they settled down and slept as they had never slept before.

They woke at dawn as usual and made a tour of inspection of the whole farm. They could hardly believe that it was all their own.

Then they filed back to the farm buildings and halted in silence outside the door of the farmhouse. That was theirs too, but they were frightened to go inside. After a moment, however, Snowball and Napoleon butted the door open with their shoulders and the animals entered. They tip-toed from room to room, gazing with a kind of awe at the unbelievable luxury. A unanimous resolution was passed on the spot that the farmhouse should be preserved as a museum.

The animals had their breakfast, and then Snowball and Napoleon called them together again.

"Comrades," said Snowball, "it is half-past six and we have a long day before us. Today we begin the hay harvest. But there is another matter that must be attended to first."

The pigs now revealed that during the past three months they had taught themselves to read and write from an old spelling book. Napoleon sent for pots of black and white paint and led the way down to the five-barred gate that gave on to the main road. Then Snowball (for it was Snowball who was best at writing) took a brush between the two knuckles of his trotter, painted out MANOR FARM from the top bar and in its place painted ANIMAL FARM. This was to be the name of the farm from now onwards. After this they went back to the farm buildings, where Snowball and Napoleon sent for a ladder which they set against the end wall of the barn. They explained that the pigs had succeeded in reducing the principles of Animalism to Seven Commandments. These Seven Commandments were written on the wall in great white letters. They ran thus:

THE SEVEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy.
2. Whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend.
3. No animal shall wear clothes.
4. No animal shall sleep in a bed.
5. No animal shall drink alcohol.

6. No animal shall kill any other animal.

7. All animals are equal.

Snowball read it aloud for the benefit of the others. All the animals nodded in complete agreement.

"Now, comrades," cried Snowball, "to the hayfield! Let us make it a point of honor to get in the harvest more quickly than Jones and his men could do."

But at this moment the three cows set up a loud lowing. They had not been milked for twenty-four hours, and their udders were almost bursting. After a little thought, the pigs sent for buckets and milked the cows fairly successfully. Soon there were five buckets of frothing creamy milk.

"What is going to happen to all that milk?" said someone.

"Never mind the milk, comrades!" cried Napoleon. "That will be attended to. The harvest is more important. Comrade Snowball will lead the way. I shall follow in a few minutes. Forward, comrades!"

So the animals trooped down to the hayfield to begin the harvest, and when they came back in the evening it was noticed that the milk had disappeared.

The Brainworkers Take Over

How they toiled and sweated to get the hay in! The harvest was an even bigger success than they hoped. The pigs could think of a way round every difficulty.

All through that summer the work of the farm went like clockwork. Boxer was the admiration of everybody. He seemed more like three horses than one. His answer to every problem, every setback, was "I will work harder!"

Everyone worked according to his capacity. Nobody shirked — or almost nobody.

On Sundays there was no work. Breakfast was an hour later than usual, and after breakfast there was a ceremony. First came the hoisting of the flag. The flag was green, Snowball explained, to represent the green fields of England, while the hoof and horn signified the future Republic of the Animals which would arise when the human race had been finally overthrown. After this all the animals trooped into the big barn for a Meeting. Here the work of the coming week was planned and resolutions debated.

It was always the pigs who put forward the resolutions. Snowball and Napoleon were by far the most active in the debates. But it was noticed that these two were never in agreement. The Meeting always ended with the singing of *Beasts of England*.

The pigs had set aside the harness-room as a headquarters for themselves. Here, in the evenings, they studied blacksmithing, carpentering, and other

About the Author

George Orwell led a life as fascinating as anything he ever put into any of his books—only it had a tragic ending. He died January 21 of this year at the age of 46—at the peak of a brilliant writing career.

George Orwell was the pen name of Eric Blair. He was born in India in 1903, the son of a British army officer. After study at Eton, he returned to the East and joined the Burmese police service. At 25 he quit the job and went to Paris to try his luck at writing. When Franco rebelled against the Spanish government, Mr. Orwell joined the Loyalists. He was severely wounded in the fighting and as a result of what he saw became completely disillusioned with

communism. During World War II he broadcast to India for the British Broadcasting Corporation. Three years ago his health began to fail and he was forced to retreat to a sanitarium. He did his writing while undergoing treatment for tuberculosis.

Although he has written a number of books, and was considered one of the leading British novelists, Mr. Orwell is best known in the United States for *Animal Farm* and 1984. Recently the enthusiasm of his American public led Mr. Orwell's publishers in this country to reissue three of his earlier books. They received a glowing critical reception on their publication—two days before Mr. Orwell's death.

arts from books which they had brought out of the farmhouse. Snowball also busied himself with organizing the other animals into Animal Committees. He formed the Egg Production Committee for the hens, the Clean Tails League for the cows, the Wild Comrades' Re-education Committee, the Whiter Wool Movement for the sheep, and various others, besides instituting classes in reading and writing. On the whole, these projects were a failure.

The reading and writing classes, however, were a great success. By the autumn almost every animal on the farm was literate in some degree.

Napoleon took no interest in Snowball's committees. He said that the education of the young was more important than anything that could be done for those who were already grown up. It happened that Jessie and Bluebell had both whelped soon after the hay harvest, giving birth between them to nine sturdy puppies. As soon as they were weaned, Napoleon took them away from their mothers, saying that he would make himself responsible for their education. He took them up into a loft and there kept them in such seclusion the rest of the farm soon forgot their existence.

The mystery of where the milk went to was soon cleared up. It was mixed every day into the pigs' mash. The early apples were now ripening and the grass of the orchard was littered with windfalls. The animals had assumed as a matter of course that these would be shared out equally. One day, however, the order went forth that all the windfalls were to be collected and brought to the harness-room for the use of the pigs. Squealer was sent to make the necessary explanations to the others.

"Comrades!" he cried. "You do not imagine, I hope, that we pigs are doing this in a spirit of selfishness and privilege? Many of us actually dislike milk

and apples. I dislike them myself. Our sole object in taking these things is to preserve our health. Milk and apples contain substances absolutely necessary to the well-being of a pig. We pigs are brainworkers. The whole management and organization of this farm depend on us. Day and night we are watching over your welfare. It is for *your* sake that we drink that milk and eat those apples. Do you know what would happen if we pigs failed in our duty? Jones would come back! Yes, Jones would come back!"

Now if there was one thing that the animals were completely certain of, it was that that they did not want Jones back. They had no more to say.

The Battle of the Cowshed

By the late summer the news of what had happened on Animal Farm had spread across half the county. Every day Snowball and Napoleon sent out flights of pigeons whose instructions were to mingle with the animals on neighboring farms, tell them the story of the Rebellion, and teach them the tune of *Beasts of England*.

Early in October a flight of pigeons alighted in the yard of Animal Farm in the wildest excitement. Jones and all his men, with half a dozen others, were coming to the farm. They were all carrying sticks, except Jones, who was marching ahead with a gun.

This had long been expected, and all preparations had been made. Snowball, who had studied an old book of Julius Caesar's campaigns which he had found in the farmhouse, was in charge of the defensive operations.

As the human beings approached the farm buildings, Snowball launched his first attack. The geese rushed out and pecked viciously at the calves of the legs of the humans. The men easily drove the geese off, but Snowball now launched his second line of attack. Muriel, Benjamin, and all the sheep,

with Snowball at the head of them, rushed forward and prodded and butted the men from every side. But once again the men were too strong. Suddenly, at a squeal from Snowball, which was a signal for retreat, all the animals turned and fled.

The men gave a shout of triumph and rushed after them in disorder. This was just what Snowball had intended. As soon as they were well inside the yard, the three horses, the three cows, and the rest of the pigs, who had been lying in ambush in the cow-shed, suddenly emerged in their rear, cutting them off. Snowball now gave the signal for the charge. He himself dashed straight for Jones. Jones raised his gun and fired. The pellets scored bloody streaks along Snowball's back, and a sheep dropped dead. Without halting, Snowball flung his weight against Jones's legs. Jones was hurled into a pile of dung and his gun flew out of his hands. But the most terrifying spectacle of all was Boxer, rearing up on his hind legs and striking out with his great iron-shod hoofs like a stallion. Panic overtook the men. They were gored, kicked, bitten, trampled on. At a moment when the opening was clear, the men were glad enough to make a bolt for the main road.

The animals now reassembled in the wildest excitement. An impromptu celebration of the victory was held immediately. Then the sheep who had been killed was given a solemn funeral.

The animals decided unanimously to create a military decoration, "Animal Hero, First Class," which was conferred there and then on Snowball and Boxer. There was also "Animal Hero, Second Class," which was conferred posthumously on the dead sheep.

The battle was named the Battle of the Cowshed.

Snowball versus Napoleon

In January there came bitterly hard weather. The pigs occupied themselves with planning the work of the coming season. It had come to be accepted that the pigs should decide all questions of farm policy, though their decisions had to be ratified by a majority vote. This arrangement would have worked well enough if it had not been for the disputes between Snowball and Napoleon. At the Meetings Snowball often won over the majority by his brilliant speeches, but Napoleon was better at canvassing support for himself in between times. He was especially successful with the sheep. Of late the sheep had taken to bleating "Four legs good, two legs bad" at crucial moments in Snowball's speeches. Snowball was full of plans and innovations and improvements. Napoleon produced no schemes of his own, but said quietly that Snow-

ball's would come to nothing. But of all their controversies, none was so bitter as the one over the windmill.

In the long pasture, there was a small knoll. Snowball declared that this was just the place for a windmill, which could be made to operate a dynamo and supply the farm with electrical power. This would light the stalls and warm them in winter, and would also run a circular saw, a chaff-cutter, a mangel-slicer, and an electric milking machine. The animals listened in astonishment while Snowball conjured up pictures of fantastic machines which would do their work for them while they grazed at their ease in the fields or improved their minds with reading and conversation.

The whole farm was deeply divided on the subject of the windmill. Napoleon argued that the great need of the moment was to increase food production, and that if they wasted time on the windmill they would all starve to death.

Apart from the disputes over the windmill, there was the question of the defense of the farm. According to Napoleon, what the animals must do was to procure firearms and train themselves in the use of them. According to Snowball, they must send out more and more pigeons and stir up rebellion among the animals on the other farms. If rebellions happened everywhere they would have no need to defend themselves.

At last the day came when Snowball's plans were completed. At the Meeting on the following Sunday the question of whether or not to begin work on the windmill was to be put to the vote. When the animals had assembled in the big barn, Snowball set forth his reasons for advocating the building of the windmill. Then Napoleon stood up to reply. He said very quietly that the windmill was nonsense and that he advised nobody to vote for it, and promptly sat down again. At this Snowball sprang to his feet, and shouting down the sheep, who had begun bleating, broke into a passionate appeal in favor of the windmill. By the time he had finished speaking, there was no doubt as to which way the vote would go. But just at this moment Napoleon stood up and uttered a high-pitched whimper.

At this there was a terrible baying sound outside, and nine enormous dogs wearing brass-studded collars came bounding into the barn. They dashed straight for Snowball. In a moment he was out of the door and they were after him, close on his heels. Snowball slipped through a hole in the hedge and was seen no more.

Silent and terrified, the animals crept back into the barn. In a moment

the dogs came bounding back. At first no one had been able to imagine where these creatures came from, but the problem was soon solved: they were the puppies whom Napoleon had taken away from their mothers and reared privately.

Napoleon, with the dogs following him, now announced that from now on the Sunday-morning Meetings would come to an end. In future all questions relating to the working of the farm would be settled by a special committee of pigs, presided over by himself. These would meet in private and afterwards communicate their decisions to the others. The animals would still assemble on Sunday mornings to salute the flag, sing *Beasts of England*, and receive their orders for the week; but there would be no more debates.

Afterwards Squealer was sent round the farm to explain the new arrangement to the others.

"Comrades," he said, "I trust that every animal here appreciates the sacrifice that Comrade Napoleon has made in taking this extra labor upon himself. Do not imagine, comrades, that leadership is a pleasure! On the contrary, it is a deep and heavy responsibility. No one believes more firmly than Comrade Napoleon that all animals are equal. He would be only too happy to let you make your decisions for yourselves. But sometimes you might make the wrong decisions, comrades, and then where should we be? Suppose you had decided to follow Snowball, with his moonshine of windmills—Snowball, who, as we now know, was no better than a criminal?"

"He fought bravely at the Battle of the Cowshed," said somebody.

"Bravery is not enough," said Squealer. "Loyalty and obedience are more important."

On the third Sunday after Snowball's expulsion, the animals were surprised to hear Napoleon announce that the windmill was to be built after all.

That evening Squealer explained privately to the other animals that Napoleon had never in reality been opposed to the windmill. On the contrary, it was he who had advocated it in the beginning, and the plan which Snowball had drawn had actually been stolen from among Napoleon's papers. Why, then, asked somebody, had he spoken so strongly against it? Here Squealer looked very sly. That, he said, was Comrade Napoleon's cunning. He had seemed to oppose the windmill, simply as a maneuver to get rid of Snowball, who was a dangerous character and a bad influence. This, said Squealer, was something called tactics.

All that year the animals worked like slaves. Throughout the spring and summer they worked a sixty-hour week, and

in August Napoleon announced that there would be work on Sunday afternoons as well. This work was strictly voluntary, but any animal who absented himself from it would have his rations reduced by half.

The windmill presented unexpected difficulties. Nothing could have been achieved without Boxer. His two slogans, "I will work harder" and "Napoleon is always right," seemed to him a sufficient answer to all problems.

As the summer wore on, various unforeseen shortages began to make themselves felt. There was need of paraffin oil, nails, string, dog biscuits, and iron for the horses' shoes, none of which could be produced on the farm. Later there would also be need for seeds and artificial manures, besides various tools and, finally, the windmill machinery.

Beds Without Sheets

One Sunday morning, when the animals assembled to receive their orders, Napoleon announced that he had decided upon a new policy. From now onwards Animal Farm would engage in trade with the neighboring farms, simply in order to obtain certain materials which were urgently necessary. He was, therefore, making arrangements to sell a stack of hay and part of the current year's wheat crop, and later on, if more money were needed, it would have to be made up by the sale of eggs.

Four young pigs who had protested when Napoleon abolished the Meetings raised their voices timidly, but they were promptly silenced by a tremendous growling from the dogs. Finally Napoleon raised his trotter for silence and announced that he had already made all the arrangements. A Mr. Whymper had agreed to act as intermediary between Animal Farm and the outside world.

Every Monday Mr. Whymper visited the farm as had been arranged. He was a sly-looking little man. The animals avoided him as much as possible. Nevertheless, the sight of Napoleon, on all fours, delivering orders to Whymper, who stood on two legs, roused their pride.

It was about this time that the pigs suddenly moved into the farmhouse. The animals seemed to remember that a resolution against this had been passed in the early days, and Squealer was able to convince them that this was not the case. It was absolutely necessary, he said, that the pigs, who were the brains of the farm, should have a quiet place to work in. It was also more suited to the dignity of the Leader (for of late he had taken to speaking of Napoleon under the title of "Leader") to live in a house than in a mere sty. Nevertheless, some of the animals were disturbed when they heard that the pigs also slept in the beds.

Squealer was able to put the whole matter in its proper perspective.

"You have heard, comrades," he said, "that we pigs now sleep in the beds of the farmhouse? And why not? You did not suppose, surely, that there was ever a ruling against *beds*? The rule was against *sheets*, which are a human invention. We have removed the sheets from the farmhouse beds, and sleep between blankets. You would not have us too tired to carry out our duties? Surely none of you wishes to see Jones back?"

No more was said about the pigs sleeping in the farmhouse beds.

November came, with raging southwest winds. Building had to stop. Finally there came a night when the gale was so violent that the farm buildings rocked on their foundations. In the morning the animals came out of their stalls to find the windmill in ruins.

"Comrades," Napoleon said quietly, "do you know who is responsible for this? Do you know the enemy who has come in the night and overthrown our windmill? SNOWBALL!" he suddenly roared in a voice of thunder. "Snowball has done this thing! Thinking to avenge himself for his expulsion, this traitor has crept here under cover of night and destroyed our work. Comrades, here and now I pronounce the death sentence upon Snowball. 'Animal Hero, Second Class,' and half a bushel of apples to any animal who brings him to justice. A full bushel to anyone who captures him alive!"

Snowball the Traitor

It was a bitter winter. The animals carried on as best they could with the rebuilding of the windmill, well knowing that the outside world was watching them and that the envious human beings would rejoice and triumph if the mill were not finished on time. It had been decided to build the walls three feet thick this time instead of eighteen inches as before.

In January food fell short. Starvation seemed to stare them in the face. It was vitally necessary to conceal this fact from the outside world. The human beings were inventing lies about Animal Farm. It was being put about that all the animals were dying of famine and disease, and that they were continually fighting among themselves and had resorted to cannibalism and infanticide. Napoleon was well aware of the bad results that might follow if the real facts of the food situation were known, and he decided to make use of Mr. Whymper to spread a contrary impression. Napoleon ordered the almost empty bins in the store-shed to be filled nearly to the brim with sand, which was then covered up with what remained of the grain and meal. On some suitable pretext Whymper was allowed to catch a

glimpse of the bins. He was deceived, and continued to report to the outside world that there was no food shortage on Animal Farm.

One Sunday morning Squealer announced that the hens must surrender their eggs. Napoleon had accepted, through Whymper, a contract for four hundred eggs a week.

When the hens heard this, they raised a terrible outcry that to take the eggs away now was murder. There was something resembling a rebellion. Napoleon acted swiftly and ruthlessly. He ordered the hens' rations to be stopped. For five days the hens held out, then they went back to their nesting boxes. Nine hens had died in the meantime. It was given out that they had died of coccidiosis.

Suddenly, early in the spring, an alarming thing was discovered. Snowball was secretly frequenting the farm by night! Every night, it was said, he came creeping in under cover of darkness and performed all kinds of mischief. Whenever anything went wrong it became usual to attribute it to Snowball. When the key of the storehouse was lost, the whole farm was convinced that Snowball had thrown it down the well. Curiously enough, they went on believing this even after the mislaid key was found under a sack of meal.

Napoleon decreed that there should be a full investigation into Snowball's activities. With his dogs in attendance he set out and made a careful tour of inspection of the farm buildings. He found traces of Snowball almost everywhere. In the evening Squealer called the animals together.

"Comrades!" cried Squealer, "a most terrible thing has been discovered. Snowball has sold himself to Frederick of Pinchfield Farm, who is even now plotting to attack us and take our farm from us! Snowball is to act as his guide when the attack begins. But there is worse than that. We had thought that Snowball's rebellion was caused simply by his vanity and ambition. But we were wrong, comrades. Snowball was in league with Jones from the very start! He was Jones's secret agent all the time. It has all been proved by documents which he left behind him and which we have only just discovered. This explains a great deal, comrades. Did we not see for ourselves how he attempted—fortunately without success—to get us defeated and destroyed at the Battle of the Cowshed?"

The animals were stupefied. They all remembered, or thought they remembered, how they had seen Snowball charging ahead of them at the Battle of the Cowshed.

"But he was wounded," said Boxer. "We all saw him running with blood."
"That was part of the arrangement!"

cried Squealer. "Jones's shot only grazed him. I could show you this in his own writing. The plot was for Snowball, at the critical moment, to give the signal for flight and leave the field to the enemy. And he very nearly succeeded—I will even say, comrades, *he would* have succeeded if it had not been for our heroic Leader, Comrade Napoleon. Do you not remember how, just at the moment when Jones and his men had got inside the yard, Snowball suddenly turned and fled, and many animals followed him? And do you not remember, too, that it was just at that moment that Comrade Napoleon sprang forward with a cry of 'Death to Humanity!' and sank his teeth in Jones's leg? Surely you remember that, comrades?"

Now when Squealer described the scene so graphically, it seemed to the animals that they did remember it. At any rate, they remembered that at the critical moment of the battle Snowball had turned to flee. But Boxer was still a little uneasy.

The Culpits Confess

Four days later, Napoleon ordered all the animals to assemble in the yard. Napoleon stood sternly surveying his audience; then he uttered a high-pitched whimper. Immediately the dogs bounded forward, seized four of the pigs by the ear, and dragged them to Napoleon's feet. The four pigs waited, trembling, with guilt written on every line of their countenances. Napoleon now called upon them to confess their crimes. They were the same four pigs that had protested when Napoleon abolished the Sunday Meetings. Without any further prompting they confessed that they had been secretly in touch with Snowball ever since his expulsion, that they had collaborated with him in destroying the windmill, and that they had entered into an agreement with him to hand over Animal Farm to Mr. Frederick. They added that Snowball had privately admitted to them that he had been Jones's secret agent for years past. When they had finished their confession, the dogs promptly tore their throats out, and in a terrible voice Napoleon demanded whether any other animal had anything to confess.

The three hens who had been the ringleaders in the attempted rebellion over the eggs now came forward and stated that Snowball had appeared to them in a dream and incited them to disobey Napoleon's orders. They, too, were slaughtered. And so the tale of confessions and executions went on, until there was a pile of corpses lying before Napoleon's feet.

When it was all over, the remaining animals, except for the pigs and dogs, crept away in a body. As Clover looked down the hillside her eyes filled with

tears. If she could have spoken her thoughts, it would have been to say that this was not what they had aimed at when they had set themselves years ago to work for the overthrow of the human race.

At last, feeling this to be in some way a substitute for the words she was unable to find, she began to sing *Beasts of England*. Squealer, attended by two dogs, approached with the air of having something important to say. He announced that, by a special decree of Comrade Napoleon, *Beasts of England* had been abolished. From now onwards it was forbidden to sing it. The animals were taken aback.

"It is no longer needed, comrades," said Squealer stiffly. "In *Beasts of England* we expressed our longing for a better society in days to come. But that society has now been established."

So *Beasts of England* was heard no more. In its place Minimus, the poet, had composed another song which began:

Animal Farm, Animal Farm.

Never through me shalt thou come to harm!

The Commandments Slowly Change

A few days later, when the terror caused by the executions had died down, some of the animals remembered that the Sixth Commandment decreed "No animal shall kill any other animal." It was felt that the killings which had taken place did not square with this. Clover asked Muriel to read the Commandment for her. It ran: "No animal shall kill any other animal *without cause*."

Throughout the year the animals worked even harder than they had worked the previous year. All orders were now issued through Squealer or one of the other pigs. Napoleon himself was not seen in public as often as once in a fortnight. When he did appear, he was attended not only by his retinue of dogs but by a black cockerel who marched in front of him and acted as a kind of trumpeter, letting out a loud "cock-a-doodle-doo" before Napoleon spoke.

Through the agency of Whymper, Napoleon was engaged in complicated negotiations with Frederick of Pinchfield Farm and Pilkington of Foxwood Farm. A pile of timber was to be sold. Of the two, Frederick was the more anxious to get hold of it, but he would not offer a reasonable price. At the same time there were renewed rumors that Frederick and his men were plotting to attack Animal Farm and to destroy the windmill. Snowball was known to be still skulking on Pinchfield Farm.

In the middle of the summer it was

given out that Napoleon had arranged to sell the pile of timber to Mr. Pilkington. The relations between Napoleon and Pilkington, though they were only conducted through Whymper, were now almost friendly. The animals distrusted Pilkington, as a human being, but greatly preferred him to Frederick, whom they both feared and hated. Terrible stories were leaking out from Pinchfield about the cruelties that Frederick practiced upon his animals.

Feeling against Frederick ran high. One Sunday morning Napoleon appeared in the barn and explained that he considered it beneath his dignity to have dealings with scoundrels of that description. The pigeons who were still sent out to spread tidings of the Rebellion were ordered to drop their former slogan of "Death to Humanity" in favor of "Death to Frederick."

In the autumn the windmill was finished. The machinery had still to be installed, and Whymper was negotiating the purchase of it, but the structure was completed. Napoleon announced that the mill would be named Napoleon Mill.

Two days later the animals were called together for a special meeting in the barn. They were struck dumb with surprise when Napoleon announced that he had sold the pile of timber to Frederick. Throughout the whole period of his seeming friendship with Pilkington, Napoleon had really been in secret agreement with Frederick.

At the same time Napoleon assured the animals that the stories of an impending attack on Animal Farm were completely untrue, and that the tales about Frederick's cruelty to his own animals had been greatly exaggerated. All these rumors had probably originated with Snowball and his agents. It now appeared that Snowball was living—in considerable luxury, so it was said—at Foxwood.

The pigs were in ecstasies over Napoleon's cunning. By seeming to be friendly with Pilkington he had forced Frederick to raise his price by twelve pounds. Napoleon had received payment in real five-pound notes.

Three days later there was a terrible hullabaloo. The bank-notes were forgeries! Frederick had got the timber for nothing!

Napoleon called the animals together immediately and in a terrible voice pronounced the death sentence upon Frederick. At the same time he warned them that after this treacherous deed the worst was to be expected. Frederick and his men might attack at any moment.

The very next morning the attack came. There were fifteen men, with half a dozen guns. The animals could not face the terrible explosions and the stinging pellets, and they were soon

driven back, a number of them wounded. The whole of the big pasture, including the windmill, was in the hands of the enemy.

Frederick and his men halted about the windmill. The animals watched them, and a murmur of dismay went round. Then there was a deafening roar. All the animals, except Napoleon, flung themselves flat on their bellies and hid their faces. When they got up again, a huge cloud of black smoke was hanging where the windmill had been. The windmill had ceased to exist!

A mighty cry for vengeance went up, and they charged forth in a body. It was a savage, bitter battle. Frederick shouted to his men to get out while the going was good, and the next moment the cowardly enemy was running for dear life.

They had won, but they were weary and bleeding. They halted in sorrowful silence at the place where the windmill had once stood.

Squealer, who had unaccountably been absent during the fighting, came skipping towards them, and the animals heard, from the direction of the farm buildings, the solemn booming of a gun.

"What is that gun firing for?" said Boxer.

"To celebrate our victory!" cried Squealer.

"What victory?" said Boxer. His knees were bleeding, he had lost a shoe and split his hoof, and a dozen pellets had lodged in his hind leg.

"What victory, comrade? Have we not driven the enemy off our soil—the sacred soil of Animal Farm?"

"But they have destroyed the windmill. And we had worked on it for two years!"

"What matter? We will build another windmill. We will build six windmills if we feel like it. You do not appreciate, comrade, the mighty thing that we have done. The enemy was in occupation of this very ground that we stand upon. And now—thanks to the leadership of Comrade Napoleon—we have won every inch of it back again!"

"Then we have won back what we had before," said Boxer.

"That is our victory," said Squealer.

Two whole days were given over to celebrations. It was announced that the battle would be called the Battle of the Windmill, and that Napoleon had created a new decoration, the Order of the Green Banner, which he had conferred upon himself. In the general rejoicings the unfortunate affair of the bank-notes was forgotten.

It was a few days later than this that the pigs came upon a case of whisky in the cellars of the farmhouse. That night there came from the farmhouse the sound of loud singing, in which, to everyone's surprise, the strains of

Beasts of England were mixed up. But in the morning a deep silence hung over the farmhouse. It was nearly nine o'clock when Squealer made his appearance. The next day it was learned that Napoleon had instructed Whymper to purchase in Willingdon some booklets on brewing and distilling.

About this time there occurred a strange incident which hardly anyone was able to understand. One night at about twelve o'clock there was a loud crash in the yard, and the animals rushed out of their stalls. It was a moonlit night. At the foot of the end wall of the big barn, where the Seven Commandments were written, there lay a ladder broken in two pieces. Squealer, temporarily stunned, was sprawling beside it, and near at hand there lay a lantern, a paint-brush, and an overturned pot of white paint. None of the animals could form any idea as to what this meant, except old Benjamin, who nodded his muzzle with a knowing air, and seemed to understand, but would say nothing.

But a few days later Muriel, reading over the Seven Commandments to herself, noticed that there was yet another of them which the animals had remembered wrong. They had thought that the Fifth Commandment was "No animal shall drink alcohol," but there were two words that they had forgotten. Actually the Commandment read: "No animal shall drink alcohol to excess."

How Boxer Passed Away

They had started the rebuilding of the windmill the day after the victory celebrations were ended. Meanwhile life was hard. Once again all rations were reduced, except those of the pigs and the dogs.

Jones and all he stood for had almost faded out of their memories. They knew that life nowadays was harsh and bare, that they were often hungry and often cold, and that they were usually working when they were not asleep. But doubtless it had been worse in the old days. They were glad to believe so. Besides, in those days they had been slaves and now they were free, and that made all the difference, as Squealer did not fail to point out.

There were many more mouths to feed now. In the autumn the four sows had all littered about simultaneously, producing thirty-one young pigs. The young pigs were discouraged from playing with the other young animals. About this time, too, it was laid down as a rule that when a pig and any other animal met on the path, the other animal must stand aside.

But if there were hardships to be borne, they were partly offset. What with the songs, the processions, Squealer's lists of figures, the thunder of the

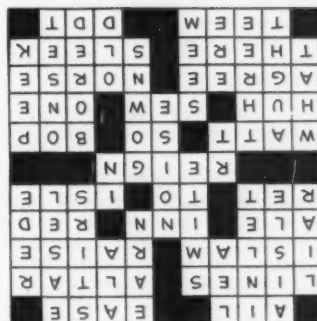
gun, the crowing of the cockerel, and the fluttering of the flag, the animals were able to forget that their bellies were empty, at least part of the time.

In April, Animal Farm was proclaimed a Republic, and it became necessary to elect a President. There was only one candidate, Napoleon, who was elected unanimously.

Boxer worked harder than ever. Sometimes the long hours on insufficient food were hard to bear, but Boxer never faltered. His twelfth birthday was approaching. He did not care what happened so long as a good store of stone was accumulated before he went on pension.

Late one evening in the summer, a sudden rumor ran around the farm that something had happened to Boxer.

Crossword Puzzle Answer



the Rebellion, except Clover, Benjamin, Moses the raven, and a number of the pigs. Many animals had been born to whom the Rebellion was only a dim tradition, and others had been bought who had never heard mention of such a thing before their arrival.

The farm was more prosperous now, and better organized: it had even been enlarged by two fields which had been bought from Mr. Pilkington. The windmill had been successfully completed at last. But the luxuries of which Snowball had once taught the animals to dream were no longer talked about. Napoleon had denounced such ideas. The truest happiness, he said, lay in working hard and living frugally.

Somehow it seemed as though the farm had grown richer without making the animals themselves any richer—except, of course, for the pigs and the dogs. It was not that these creatures did not work, after their fashion. For example, Squealer told the animals that the pigs had to expend enormous labors every day upon mysterious things called “files,” “reports,” “minutes,” and “memoranda.” These were large sheets of paper which had to be closely covered with writing, and as soon as they were so covered they were burnt in the furnace. This was of the highest importance for the welfare of the farm, Squealer said.

Sometimes the older animals racked their dim memories and tried to determine whether in the early days of the Rebellion, when Jones's expulsion was still recent, things had been better or worse than now. They could not remember. Only old Benjamin professed to remember every detail of his long life and to know that things never had been, nor ever could be much better or much worse—hunger, hardship, and disappointment being, so he said, the unalterable law of life.

And yet the animals never lost their sense of honor and privilege in being members of Animal Farm. No creature among them went upon two legs. No creature called any other creature “Master.” All animals were equal.

One day in early summer Squealer ordered the sheep to follow him, and led them out to a piece of waste ground. He was, he said, teaching them to sing a new song, for which privacy was needed.

It was just after the sheep had returned that the terrified neighing of a horse sounded from the yard. It was Clover's voice. All the animals broke into a gallop and rushed into the yard. Then they saw what Clover had seen.

It was a pig walking on his hind legs.

Yes, it was Squealer. A little awkwardly, but with perfect balance, he was strolling across the yard. And a moment later, out from the door of the

farmhouse came a long file of pigs, all walking on their hind legs. And finally there was a tremendous baying of dogs and out came Napoleon himself majestically upright, casting haughty glances from side to side.

He carried a whip in his trotter.

There was a deadly silence. It was as though the world had turned upside-down. Then as though at a signal, all the sheep burst out into a tremendous bleating of—

“Four legs good, two legs better! Four legs good, two legs better! Four legs good, two legs better!”

Benjamin felt a nose nuzzling at his shoulder. He looked around. It was Clover. She tugged gently at his mane and led him round to the end of the big barn, where the Seven Commandments were written.

“My sight is failing,” she said. “Are the Seven Commandments the same as they used to be, Benjamin?”

Benjamin read out to her what was written on the wall. There was nothing there now except a single Commandment. It ran:

All Animals Are Equal

But some animals are more equal than others.

A week later, in the afternoon, a number of carts drove up to the farm. A deputation of neighboring farmers had been invited to make a tour of inspection. They expressed great admiration for everything they saw.

That evening loud laughter and bursts of singing came from the farmhouse. The animals began to creep quietly into the farmhouse garden.

They tiptoed up to the house, and such animals as were tall enough peered in at the dining-room window. There, round the long table, sat half a dozen farmers and half a dozen of the more eminent pigs, Napoleon himself occupying the seat of honor. The company had been enjoying a game of cards, but had broken off for the moment, evidently in order to drink a toast.

Mr. Pilkington, of Foxwood, had stood up, his mug in his hand. In a moment, he said, he would ask the present company to drink a toast. But before doing so, there were a few words that he felt it incumbent upon him to say.

It was a source of great satisfaction to him, he said—and he was sure, to all others present—to feel that a long period of mistrust and misunderstanding had now come to an end. Between pigs and human beings there was not, and there need not be, any clash of interests whatever. Their struggles and their difficulties were one. Was not the labor problem the same everywhere? “If you have your lower animals to contend with,” he said, “we have our lower classes!” Mr. Pilkington congratulated the pigs on

the low rations, the long working hours, and the general absence of pampering which he had observed on Animal Farm.

“Gentlemen,” concluded Mr. Pilkington, “gentlemen, I give you a toast: To the prosperity of Animal Farm!”

There was enthusiastic cheering. Napoleon came round the table to clink his mug against Mr. Pilkington's before emptying it. When the cheering had died down, Napoleon, who had remained on his feet, intimated that he too had a few words to say.

Like all of Napoleon's speeches, it was short and to the point. He too, he said, was happy that the period of misunderstanding was at an end. For a long time there had been rumors—circulated, he had reason to think, by some enemy—that there was something subversive and even revolutionary in the outlook of himself and his colleagues. Nothing could be further from the truth! Their sole wish, now and in the past, was to live at peace and in normal business relations with their neighbors. Certain changes had been made recently which should have the effect of promoting confidence still further. Hitherto the animals on the farm had had a rather foolish custom of addressing one another as “Comrade.” This was to be suppressed. The name “Animal Farm” had been abolished. Henceforward the farm was to be known as “The Manor Farm”—which, he believed was its correct and original name.

“Gentlemen,” concluded Napoleon, “here is my toast: To the prosperity of The Manor Farm!”

As the animals outside gazed at the scene, it seemed to them that some strange thing was happening. What was it that had altered in the faces of the pigs? Clover's old dim eyes flitted from one face to another. Some of them had five chins, some had four, some had three. But what was it that seemed to be melting and changing? Then, the applause having come to an end, the company took up their cards and continued the game that had been interrupted, and the animals crept silently away.

But they had not gone twenty yards when they stopped short. An uproar of voices was coming from the farmhouse. They rushed back. Yes, a violent quarrel was in progress. The source of the trouble appeared to be that Napoleon and Mr. Pilkington had each played an ace of spades simultaneously.

Twelve voices were shouting in anger, and they were all alike. No question, now, what had happened to the faces of the pigs. The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which.

One-Period Lesson Plan

("A" or "B" Is Optional)

A. Am I My Brother's Keeper?

Aim

To show pupils that everyone must carry his share of responsibility for the welfare and happiness of others.

Motivation

Do you believe that there is ever a time when the policy of "every man for himself" is justified?

Topics for Discussion

1. "The Red Sweater" (p. 1)

What are the conditions under which the narrator works for old Mr. Conway? Is the narrator's family well off financially? Explain. What sort of person is the narrator's mother? One incident in the story gives you a clue to the relationship between her and her children. What is it? What exactly does it reveal?

Why does the possession of a red sweater like that the other boy wears mean so much to the narrator? Does your answer help you to measure the extent of his sacrifice in exchanging the sweater for Mr. Conway's new shoes? Explain.

Two incidents in this story seem to justify the old proverb that "one good turn deserves another." What are they? Comment on this saying of the narrator's mother, "... dark hollows [are] good places to look at the stars from." What effect does it have on the narrator? Do you think that this boy is unusually mature for his years? Explain. What would you have done if you'd been in his place? Why?

2. "The Hasty Heart" (p. 18)

Does Lachie's stubborn rejection of friendship seem to you extreme? Explain. Have you ever known a person like Lachie? Did you take time to figure out how he (or she) "got that way"? If so, what conclusions did you reach? Did you try to do something about it? If so, what?

Is it the gift of the Highland dress alone that unlocks Lachie's heart? If so, what conclusions do you draw from this fact? Or is it a series of other kindnesses, climaxed by this gift, that finally turns the trick? Give reasons for your answer.

Do you believe that, once a gesture of friendship or generosity has been rebuffed, there's just no point in trying again? Why or why not?

Account for the completeness of

Lachie's surrender when he finally does give in. Do you think there is such a thing as a self-sufficient human being? Group? Nation? Race? Explain.

Which weighs more with you—the moral value of trying to understand and help others, or the practical value? Give reasons for your answer.

Activities

1. Have one of your students read aloud to the rest of the class "Devotion Number 17," by the seventeenth-century clergyman and poet, John Donne, and the New Testament parable of the Good Samaritan (Luke 10; 25-37). Ask for comments by the class.

2. Have your pupils write an editorial, essay, poem, or short story with the theme, *Am I my brother's keeper?*

3. Ask those students who have seen the film version of *The Hasty Heart* to prepare brief reviews of the motion picture, stressing the characterization of Lachie.

B. What Makes a Good Ruler (or Head of a State)?

Aim

To encourage your pupils to do some straight thinking on the world-wide urgency of good government.

Motivation

If you were asked to name the head of state, living or dead, who has done the most for his country and the rest of the world, whom would you choose? Why?

Topics for Discussion

1. "The Wise King" (p. 2)

What is a *parable*? How do you interpret this parable of the wise king? Do you find it disturbing? Why or why not? Is the king of this fable really wise? Is he somebody you could admire? Explain.

In your opinion, what kind of state did the wise king rule? Was it a republic? A totalitarian state? A socialist state? Give reasons for your answer.

2. "Animal Farm" (p. 24)

What is an *allegory*? In your opinion, what is the allegorical meaning behind this story? Why do you suppose the author substituted animals for human beings? Is there any underlying significance in the fact that pigs take over the government of the farm because they are the most intelligent animals?

Explain the gradual change from the doctrine, "All animals are equal," to "All animals are equal, but some are more equal than others."

Characterize Napoleon and Snowball. Do they have human counterparts? Explain. How would you feel if you had to live under the rule of either of these two leaders? Account for the final recognition of Napoleon and Animal Farm by the farmers of the community. What moral, if any, do you draw from this?

Does "Animal Farm" suggest any conclusions about your responsibilities as a citizen in a still healthy democracy? Explain.

Have you read any other books that you would classify as allegorical satires on government? If so, mention them and briefly summarize their contents for the rest of the class.

Can "Animal Farm" stand on its merits as a story alone? Explain.

Activities

1. Organize a panel discussion on the topic: *What can teen-agers in a democracy do to insure the continuation of good government?*

2. Ask your pupils to write a minute biography of the man they would choose as the ideal head of state. What qualities make (or made) this man eminently qualified to lead his people?

3. Ask a group of pupils who are good at creative writing to do a parable or an allegory on a present-day political injustice. Point out to the group the desirability of making their point without preaching. Read the best parable or allegory in class. Ask the group to guess the hidden meaning of each and to suggest means by which the situation described may be remedied.

4. As an extra activity, ask a student who knows the history of the Soviet Union to prepare a comparative study of the incidents in the novel and their counterparts in Russian history. The incidents in the story should be placed in numbered order in one column, and in a parallel column the historical events which they represent should be listed. The study should end with the beginning of the Cold War.

LITERARY CAVALCADE, PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AUGUST 31, 1948, AT POST OFFICE AT DAYTON, OHIO, UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT, 1952, BY SCHOLASTIC CORPORATION. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 30c A SEMESTER; 60c A SCHOOL YR. SINGLE COPIES, 25c. SPECIAL RATES IN COMBINATION WITH WEEKLY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, McALL ST., DAYTON 1, OHIO. GENERAL AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, LITERARY CAVALCADE, 7 EAST 18th ST., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

ADDITIONAL ASSIGNMENTS

"Is Shakespeare in the House?" (p. 3)

After your class has read and discussed this delightfully informal take-off on the name and fame of William Shakespeare, use it to motivate the study of any Shakespearean play which is part of your assigned course of study. Show that Shakespeare is still a playwright for moderns by pointing out several comic parallels, drawn by the authors, between the Elizabethan age and ours. Then assign the following special activities:

- a report with illustrations on the Elizabethan theater;
- a movie review of one of the still-current Sir Laurence Olivier productions—*Henry V* or *Hamlet*;
- a "glossary" (oral) of Brahms and Simon's Elizabethan allusions.
- a five-minute talk on the controversy about the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, which were once attributed to Bacon.
- a 500-word burlesque on the activity surrounding the production of a school play.

"Cayetano the Perfect" (p. 6)

When the class has read and discussed this brilliant, romantic story of adventure in the bullring, assign to a sports fan the following special activity: a complete oral report on bullfighting and bullfighters—costume; equipment; order of entrance into the arena; the various divisions of the engagement and who takes part in them; special "plays," customs, traditions, etc.

"John Hersey: Journalist Into Novelist" (p. 12)

First ask your entire class to join in discussing this generous tribute to John Hersey and the selection from his latest report-in-fiction, *The Wall*. Then assign as activities:

- the minute biography of another well known American writer who has just brought out a highly significant work of fiction or non-fiction;
- a report on a recent event (local, national, international) presented from the point of view of someone who lived through it.

"Young Voices" (p. 14)

After your class has read and discussed the "Young Voices" selections, assign the following special activities:

- a set of lyrics in any mood and in any form—sonnet, ode, blank verse, free verse;
- a humorous essay on the favorite foible of a favorite relative;

- a short short story with a human and lovable local personality as the central character.

Choose the best contributions by vote of the class, and send them to Young Voices Editor, *Literary Cavalcade*, 7 East 12th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

"The Titan" (p. 16)

After your class has seen and enjoyed the picture spread on Michelangelo, assign these four extra activities:

- an appreciative essay by an art student on Michelangelo, versatile man of the Renaissance;
- a report on the artist's sonnets;
- a report on the Medici family and its position in Italian history;
- ask a student to borrow from the library a volume of Browning's shorter poems and read to the class "My Last Duchess," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "The Bishop Orders His Tomb," "A Toccata of Galuppi's," and "Andrea Delsarto."

"On the Hill" (p. 23)

After your class has read the review of John Masefield's new book, ask a volunteer to prepare a five-minute biography of Masefield's life, stressing the events that later influenced him in his poetry. Another student might report on one of the long narrative poems, "Reynard the Fox" or "The Everlasting Mercy."

A student interested in radio script writing might prepare a fifteen-minute script around the period when Masefield was working in New York City. The dramatic material should be integrated with selections from Masefield's poetry, which should be employed as background.

VOCABULARY EXERCISES

Distribute paper and have your pupils number from 1 to 10. Then read each of the following incomplete sentences aloud and slowly to the group, pausing when you come to the blank space. Next read aloud the three choices listed below each sentence. Have your pupils write opposite the appropriate number on their papers the word that best completes the sentence. Ask your pupils to exchange papers and check the correct answers. Finally allow your class about fifteen minutes in which to practice using these new words in original sentences.

(Note to teachers: The italicized words are your key to correct answers. You are also given the page and column in *Literary Cavalcade* where each word appears.)

- "I couldn't care less," said the debu-

tante in a bored and _____ tone.

- astigmatic
- ascetic

c. *apathetic* (p. 9-1)

- "Dude" Warren slung both _____ across the saddle, mounted, and cantered down the road.

- panniers* (p. 9-3)
- palettes
- parapets

- He was every inch the professional soldier, from his polished Wellington boots to the tarnished fringe on his _____.

- environs
- epaulets* (p. 11-1)
- egrets

- When the conductor nodded to the first violinists, their bows swept the strings in a single _____ motion.

- synchronized* (p. 14-2)
- synonymous
- syndicated

- One treatment for polio stresses the _____ value of massage.

- thermostatic
- therapeutic* (p. 14-3)
- theocratic

- In his charge to the jury, Judge Walker reaffirmed the need for a _____ verdict.

- disinterested* (p. 15-2)
- disheveled
- disenchanted

- The statesman's life was reviewed in eight _____ volumes.

- porous
- ponderous* (p. 15-2)
- populous

- Porgy, our cocker spaniel, sniffed the T-bone steak with _____ relish.

- anticipatory* (p. 15-3)
- atmospheric
- antithetic

- The program will conclude with a new _____ arrangement of "The Whiffenpoof Song."

- polysyllabic
- polygamous
- polyphonic* ("Chucklebait"—2)

- In _____ of her priceless ruby dog collar, Mrs. Van Cleeve wore a convincing paste reproduction of this family treasure.

- purlieu
- lieu* ("Chucklebait"—2)
- lien

Answers to

"What Do You Remember?"

The Red Sweater: A. 1-R, 2-R, 3-R, 4-C, 5-C, 6-C, 7-R, 8-R, 9-C, 10-C; B. 6 and 3, 4 and 8, 9 and 7, 5 and 2, 10 and 1.

Cayetano the Perfect: a-5, b-6, c-2, d-3, e-1, f-4, g-7.

What Do You Remember?

A Quiz Based on the Contents of This Issue

The Red Sweater

Though an act of generosity should be its own reward, sometimes, as in this short short story, it pays dividends. The following statements are based on the story. Five are *causes*. The remaining five are *results* that grow out of those causes. Write C if an item is causative, R if it states a result. Then on the line at the bottom of the quiz, write the pairs of numbers (cause and result) that belong together.

- A. 1. Old Mr. Conway trades one of his puppies for the boy's red sweater.
2. The narrator buys old Mr. Conway a new pair of shoes.
3. The narrator never gets paid for his chores.
4. The narrator meets a boy who is wearing a handsome red sweater.
5. The cobbler tells the narrator that old Mr. Conway's shoes are beyond repair.
6. Old Mr. Conway is very poor.
7. The narrator feels in the money cup before asking his mother for the price of the sweater.
8. The narrator wants a red sweater like the one the other boy is wearing.
9. It hurts the narrator's mother to be asked for money when she hasn't any.
10. Old Mr. Conway knows that the narrator wants a red sweater.

B. Numbers _____

Cayetano the Perfect

In this classic story of the bullring, a has-been *matador* makes an exciting comeback. The author, once a matador himself, uses a number of terms peculiar to bullfighting. How many do you recall? In the space opposite each letter, write the number of the correct answer.

- | | |
|---------------------|---|
| _____ a. banderilla | 1. pass in bullfighting |
| _____ b. corrida | 2. costume |
| _____ c. traje | 3. goring |
| _____ d. cornada | 4. small heart-shaped cape draped over matador's sword |
| _____ e. quite | 5. barbed dart |
| _____ f. muleta | 6. bullfight |
| _____ g. burladero | 7. opening in arena where bullfighter may take refuge from bull |
| | 8. secondary bullfighter |

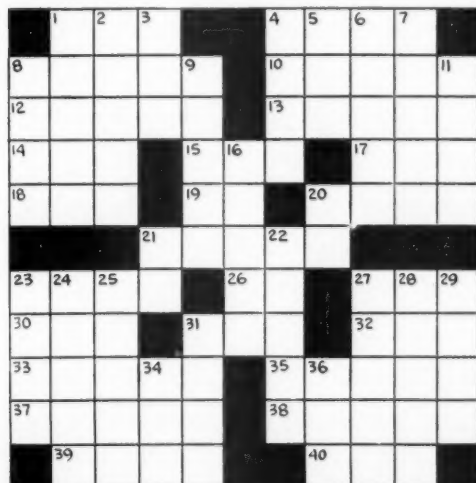
The Hasty Heart

What is the *first* motive of the other soldiers and the nurse for making friends with Lachie? How does he respond to their attempts to be friendly? Be specific. When does he begin to open his heart to them? Why does Sister Margaret decide to accept Lachie's proposal of marriage? What incident turns Lachie against his new-found friends? At this point, Yank supplies a *second* motive for the group's acceptance of Lachie. What is it? What proves to Lachie that Sister Margaret and his wardmates like him for himself alone? Comment on Lachie's remark, "All my life I hated what I cuido nae have. It saved ma' pride." Explain the title of this screenplay. Is there perhaps a *broader* social message behind this touching drama of individual human relationships? Explain.

Answers in Teacher Edition

At Home with Homonyms

• The words in this puzzle starred (*) with an asterisk are all homonyms, words having the same pronunciation as another word, but differing from it in meaning and origin, and often in spelling. See how many of these starred words you can get. Allow yourself three points for each starred word (there are 26) and one point for each of the others (there are a total of 48 words). If you get all the words, you should have a perfect score of 100. Answers are on page 31.



ACROSS

1. *Feel pain: homonym of 14 Across.
4. In a state of rest.
8. Boundaries.
10. *Holy table: homonym of word meaning "to change."
12. Mohammedans in general.
13. *Lift: homonym of word meaning "beams as of light."
14. *Beverage made of malt and hops: homonym of 1 Across.
15. *Hotel: homonym of 20 Down.
17. *Bright color: homonym of word meaning "perused."
18. Soak materials to remove their natural juices.
19. *In the direction of: homonym of word meaning "also."
20. *Island: homonym of 1 Down.
21. *Govern: homonym of word meaning "shower."
23. *Unit of electrical power: homonym of 23 Down.
26. *Therefore: homonym of 31 Across.
27. Newest jazz style.
30. Exclamation of puzzlement.
31. *Make stitches.
32. *Lowest whole number.
33. Be of similar opinion.
35. The people of Scandinavia.
37. *At that place.
38. Smooth.
39. *Be full to overflowing: homonym for "an athletic club playing together."
40. Powerful insecticide.

DOWN

1. *Passageway in an auditorium.
2. A small bay or creek.
3. *Meadom: homonym for "the sheltered side at sea."
4. *Deserve: homonym for "a receptacle for ashes of the dead."
5. Abbrev. for "Alabama."
6. Moves.
7. Frame for holding a picture.
8. *Prevaricator: homonym for "a harplike musical instrument."
9. Strike.
11. Poetic word for "advice."
16. Tumult.
20. *Within.
21. Abbrev. for "right."
22. Robes.
23. *Interrogative pronoun or adjective.
24. *Anything: homonym for word meaning "should."
25. Number necessary to make a crowd.
27. *Pierced: homonym for word meaning "flat piece of wood."
28. Beginning.
29. *Peep: homonym for "a mountain summit."
31. *Appear: homonym for "a fold formed by sewing."
34. *Poetic for "before": homonym for "the atmosphere."
36. Aged.

Chucklebait



NOT so long ago Winston Churchill was traveling on a train in the same compartment with a man who kept staring at him constantly without saying a word. This went on for some time, the stranger staring and Churchill being stared at. Finally the man leaned forward and asked, "Is your name by any chance Churchill?"

Churchill admitted that it was, and the man settled back in the corner of his seat. After a long spell of more staring at Churchill the man leaned forward and asked, "And is your first name by any chance Winston?"

Churchill admitted that it was, and the man settled back again in the corner of his seat. After another long spell of staring the man spoke again. This time he asked, "Did you by any chance go to school at Harrow?"

It's a good story and Churchill tells it on himself, though its truth is open to more than reasonable doubt. Anyway, the point is plain—don't take yourself too seriously.

Quite the other way around is the story told on himself by Joseph Gollomb, author of a slew of popular books for teen-agers. Mr. Gollomb's latest book is a pip of a biography of Albert Schweitzer and it is this one that taught him a lesson—from the cops. Albert Schweitzer, you will remember, is the world-famous authority on Goethe who spoke last summer in Aspen, Colorado, at the festival commemorating the 200th anniversary of the birth of the great German poet. Aside from being an authority on Goethe, Dr. Schweitzer is also a famous physician, an African missionary, a great humanitarian, a philosopher, and an authority on the music of Bach. Quite a boy!

Couple of Polyphonic Cops

Anyway, one night Joseph Gollomb was driving in New York City. There was no traffic in sight, it was very late, and he cut a corner a bit too sharply. In a moment he found himself surrounded by a police car. Two tough-looking cops got out. Where did he think he was going?

Gollomb, who started his writing career as a police reporter for a newspaper, tried to talk his way out of the

ticket he had earned. Finally Cop No. 1 growled, "Cut out the yakking and tell me what you do for a living."

"I write."

"Write what?"

"Books—among other things."

"Oh, yeah? Did you get any of them printed?"

"About twenty or so."

"And when did the last one come out?"

"About ten days ago." Gollomb started to pull out of his pocket a copy of the *Book-of-the-Month-Club News* in which the book was reviewed.

The cop stopped being sarcastic. "What kind of book?"

This time it was Gollomb's turn to be sarcastic. "Oh," he sneered, "about a man you wouldn't know. His name is Schweitzer."

By this time the cop was really angry. "What do you mean I wouldn't know! Was it Albert Schweitzer?"

The cop not only knew Schweitzer's name but knew him as the world's foremost authority on the music of Bach. From Cop No. 2 Gollomb learned that Cop No. 1 plays the violin (sticking mostly to Bach) and is composing an opera. "It's an opera in polyphonic style, for heaven's sake!"

Gollomb got no ticket and each cop later received an inscribed copy of the biography. But here is the payoff. As soon as Gollomb arrived home the first thing he did was sneak the dictionary off the shelf and look up the word "polyphonic." And he turns corners a lot less sharply.

Does Your Halo Pinch?

Well, even the best of us get taken down a peg, once in a while. Good thing, too. Relieves the pinch of the halo. A friend of Paul Reynaud, one-time French premier, remarked about a colleague that excessive modesty was not among his faults. "Quite true," Reynaud agreed. "I recall that when he was a young man every time his birthday came he sent his mother a telegram of congratulations."

During the early days of his career the French artist Honore Daumier, famed for his caricatures and the savage drawings with which he attacked war, found it difficult to meet his bills. One day, when he was several weeks behind in his rent, he received a visit from his landlord.

Daumier tried to stall the landlord, offered him drawings in lieu of rent. But the landlord refused to be put off. He insisted upon folding money. Finally Daumier drew himself up with all the dignity he could muster on an empty stomach and said, "My dear man, the day will come when people will visit this dungeon and exclaim, 'Daumier, the artist, once lived here!'"

The eloquent speech fell on deaf ears.

"If I don't receive the rent today," the landlord said coldly, "they will be able to exclaim it tomorrow."



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